



A Dent in Your Plans and a Smile on Your Face, Batgirl!
Duela Dent Part 1
Commission

((Note: Set in the Adventures of Batman and Robin series, mixed with some Duela Dent comic stuff ;)))

Part 1

The darkness of the night sky in Gotham never bothered Batgirl- she rather enjoyed its foggy atmosphere from smog and light pollution. Hardly a star was visible through the thick clouds but the city lights were always vibrant

As she rested on a window ledge and surveyed the atmosphere, she reviewed the night in her mind. First, the bat signal had been on, prompting her to visit the police station and have a talk with Commissioner Gordon. Batgirl had to laugh as she thought of the man who would have never suspected that the female crimefighter was his own daughter.

If only Batman had been in town that week- unfortunately, Batgirl had to cover for him. He had been busy in Japan with some unexplained business, but Batgirl didn't mind. She knew that Batman was a mysterious kind of guy, even more mysterious than her. If she could only get him to offer up more information, reveal more secrets... but she knew that would mean giving up her own hidden details.

Robin was also out of commission. Anytime Batgirl tried to find out what he had been up to, Batman would merely look at her silently with that glassjaw look he was so good at giving. Couldn't she know anything? Oh well... she knew her purpose in Gotham was to fight crime, to get rid of criminals. It had nothing to do with jeopardizing or invading the life of Batman and his crime fighting bird friend. Besides, when the time was right, they would all reveal themselves to each other. Right now, they were business partners, collaborators of justice and nothing more.

Batgirl snapped out of her frivolous thoughts. Commissioner Gordon contacted her for one duty and one duty only- to find Joker and Harley. The evil clown duo had been up to some horrific mischief that night- they had sprayed an entire mall with laughing gas before having their goons rob every single person they could find. Well planned, no doubt, and the whole event was probably set to happen for months. Batgirl knew Joker well enough to know that, as spontaneous and wild as he liked people to think he was, he really was a meticulous and cunning planner. It was all part of being a comedian, of making people get his "joke"- a joke they would never get.

Joker only left one clue, and Batgirl had been thinking about it obsessively for the past half an hour, which was probably why her mind was drifting now. Still, the clue nagged her. When Joker left the mall, he apparently told the crowd "See you in the funny papers!" before

laughing and running off. This was the information that Commissioner Gordon had given to her, at least. The calling card of the Joker, Riddler, or any big time villain in town was to leave behind a hint after a crime, and tonight would be no exception.

"The Gotham Gazette!" Batgirl finally said as she jumped, night winds blowing her red tresses wildly. Yes, that was it. The Gotham Gazette. A Gotham artist had just won an award for his comic that was featured exclusively in the Gotham Gazette funnies section. If Batgirl could recall, the man's name was Robert Kane or something like that.

"That doesn't matter," Batgirl said as pulled out her grappling gun. "The Gazette. Time to go."

Yes. That was exactly what she had to do- she had wasted too much time already. With her right hand outstretched, she shot the gun towards a building and felt its strong hook catch on the building's surface. With a leap, she was jumping out into the night's open atmosphere, zooming past the buildings of the Gotham cityscape, ready for her next location.

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Batgirl landed carefully onto the roof of the Gotham Gazette. Closing time had passed hours ago. It was well past eleven and all of the building's lights were off.

Putting up her gun, Batgirl straightened her utility belt before proceeding into the building from the roof's entrance. She crept through the dark cautiously- she could never put it above or beyond Joker to set up a trap for her. No- she had to be smart, wary, and not rush into this job. The Clown Prince of Crime was the most dangerous man of Gotham, and every time she went against him, she could only hope to come back alive.

After climbing down the stairs, Batgirl made it to the highest level of the building. It was a wide office setting with many cubicles. Notes and newspaper clippings were all over the place, tacked into the walls and on cubicle surfaces. As Batgirl moved through the floor carefully, she looked back and forth before deciding that there was no threat. The place was so mundane, so bland- not anything like The Joker's style. No threat at all, Batgirl thought. It was time to move on to the next room.

Then, she thought a little more. No- there was always a threat with Joker. When things seemed the most calm, that was when he could get you easily. Everyone knew the Joker as loud, flamboyant, and attention seeking- how opportune would it be to catch Batgirl off her guard?

No, she thought as she shook her head. You're being paranoid- you'll be ready for him. Both of her hands already had batarangs ready. She still crept through the darkness, her toes on their tips as she neared the next step case and made her way down. There was no way in

hell that she was going to take the elevator. She could imagine herself falling down to her doom, ending up dead in the collapsing contraption.

As she walked down the next set of stairs, she got her first hint of Joker. There it was, on the staircase- a small Joker card resting with its face staring up at Batgirl, grinning hysterically. The card was left there to congratulate her on figuring out where the Joker was. At the same time, it was there to mock her, tease her, and make her uneasy. Well, Batgirl thought, at least I was right about coming here. There would be no turning back now.

She made it to the next floor. Immediately, even in the rows of cubicles and work desks, her eyes were captured by a colorful sight in the middle of the room. There, on the center table, was a decorative little box with green and purple stripes.

Batgirl's brows furrowed immediately. Mistrust rose in her system as her bloodstream boiled and her skin warmed up. She looked around, cautiously, but knew Joker and Harley wouldn't reveal themselves so easily. With a strong throw, she let her batarang move towards the box, taking some quick steps forward before tipping a desk in front of her for save cover.

The batarang knocked against the box with a loud ting, forcing it to fall on the floor. Batgirl reached up to grab her batarang. Maybe the item was safe- there was no explosion or gas emanating from it... yet. Batgirl did hear something coming from it, however. She took a few dashing steps forward before ducking under another table, listening carefully. Immediately, Batgirl recognized Harley's voice. The box was playing a recording.

"Ahem, ahem," Harley's voice said on the electronic recording, "a toast to the beautiful, strong, and amazing Batgirl, Gotham's pride and joy! Roo roo roo roo!!!"

Batgirl had to roll her eyes at Harley's imitation of Arsenio Hall. Idiot, she thought unapologetically. Wasn't that guy, like, retired a long time ago?

"I'm proud of ya, Bat-babe. You go girl! You always know how to make me and Mistah J smile."

Batgirl cringed when she heard Harley refer to Joker as 'Mistah J'. Didn't she know the clown was just a raving lunatic that abused her for sport?

Growing tired of the recording, Batgirl stood up and shouted at the darkness around her. "Enough games! Come out, Joker! You too, Harley. Now."

"No, no, no, Batgirl! Temper, temper."

It was the recording. At least, Batgirl thought it was a recording at first. No- the box was relaying Harley's voice in real time.

"Gee, Batgirl," Harley continued from the box. "From that look on your face, you look surprised. You know me and Mistah J are used to using way more impressive technology than remote walkie talkies. Here, let me show you something more impressive."

Batgirl's eyes shot up to the ceiling as she suddenly saw the lights shooting on and buzzing with electricity. Bolts and sparks were flying as glass shattered and wires split, spraying sparks wildly. Batgirl immediately ran and ducked for cover..

"Me and Mistah J played with the electrical wiring of the building a bit," Harley said. "Those bills are going to shoot up through the roof!"

Batgirl started to run as, through the box, she could hear the Joker's signature laugh filling the room. Anger surged through her as she ran past the box, covering her face with her cape. She was only five feet or so from the box before it exploded, ripping through the ground under it and making the building shake for a few seconds. Batgirl was thanking herself that she didn't approach the box before.

"Oppsie," Harley's voice squeaked from overhead speakers. "Boxie go boom."

Joker's laugh didn't end with the explosion of the box. Now, new speakers had been turned on. They must have been all over the room. Batgirl heard the Clown Prince laugh at her, enjoying her peril to an extreme. The sick sadist, Batgirl thought. Fires were building up in the room as sprinklers were activated on the roof. The sprinklers offered no water; Batgirl smelled gasoline.

Coming up to the door for the next flight of stairs, Batgirl tried to kick it down. It took a few strong kicks- Joker had secured the door tight. No doubt that this room was only a temporary booby trap. Batgirl started to dart down the stairs.

"Careful for that landing," Joker's voice sounded from the ceiling, "it's a doozy!"

Batgirl didn't notice some of the super thin but tight dental floss strung up a few inches over the third highest stair.

That mistake would cause the heroine her balance. She tripped, falling down the rest of the flight of stairs before hitting her head against the railing. Instantly, she lose consciousness, her body descending without control down the rest of the stairs and through the next door. Her body slammed against the door, pushing it open before falling onto the ground. There she was, laid out like a fish, completely cold from a simple and humiliating defeat.

Joker never missed an opportunity to mock his enemies. "Some floss, Batgirl- for that perfect smile! Hopefully ya didn't lose any teeth from that fall!"

Joker and Harley stood over the caped crusader, grinning wide as they studied Batgirl in her defeat.

“Oh, Batgirl! How could you forget to floss?” Joker grinned wide with his yellow, decrepit teeth before cackling away.

“Maybe she needs to sit in a real dentist’s chair, boss,” Harley suggested as she rubbed a hand on Joker’s chest, leaning against him.

“Why, I think you’re right, Harl!” Joker pinched his woman’s cheek as she smiled wide. “And I think I’m the perfect man that will make Batgirl smile- guaranteed!”

“Only you can do it, Mistah J.”

Batgirl moaned.

“Time to leave this paperhouse, Harl. Only a small matter of time before it all goes up in flames.”

“Ain’t it a shithouse, Mistah J?”

Joker looked at Harley with a scoffing eye. “What do I look like? Jim Morrison?”

Harley looked back blankly before smiling sheepishly and shrugging. “I, uh, thought that was who you were referencing, mista-”

“Keep up with the jokes, man!” Joker grabbed Harley’s bells and shouted loudly into her face. “I only reference myself! Not some two bit performer...”

Harley composed herself as Joker stepped away. “Right, boss, right.”

“I better grab the Bat bimbo before I really lose my patience with you. Morrison. Heh! What am I, chopped bat liver?”

Joker went to grab the Batgirl under her arms. He strained a bit, sliding her slowly before looking up at Harley. “Geez, what’s this Bat on, the high protein crime fighter’s diet? Harley, grab her legs.”

“Yes, boss.” Harley bent down and grabbed Harley up. With gritted teeth, she helped Joker lift her up and carry her towards a chair. “Wow, Mistah J, you weren’t kidding- Bat-blob could really use a workout.”

“More cardio, that’s for sure.”

The crime clowns got Harley to the elevator safely. They had to move quickly, and Joker knew they had enough time. In case Batgirl got a little loose, he wrapped a strong chloroform cloth around her mouth and nose for good measure after dumping a few sleeping pills down her throat.

As they left the building, Joker and Harley got Batgirl into the back of the getaway car that had just pulled up for them. After the couple climbed in, their loyal henchmen driver hit the road. Joker glanced up a moment and smiled as he saw the higher levels of the building filled with flames. A fire truck sounded in the distance, but Joker had no interest in what the fate of the Gotham Gazette would ultimately be.

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The clowns brought Batgirl into their own private lair they had planned for her. It was a modest basement under a temporary haunt they had picked out for just this occasion.

In the center of the room was a dentist’s chair. Joker had snatched it from an old dental office after killing the dentist and his assistants- with a smile, of course. He had made some modifications with it- metal bands, a strapping belt, and a head restraint to keep whatever victim he chose subdued. Harley and Joker were ready to try it out. After laying her into the seat, they strapped Batgirl in. Harley kissed Batgirl on the cheek before giving it a little rub. “I was just kidding about ya being a blob. You’re humongous. Still so cute though!”

“And she’ll be way cuter when I’m done with her,” Joker said with a teasing grin. He looked down at Batgirl, studied her, and made sure she was securely strapped against the seat. “Hold on to your capes! It’s gonna be a funny night. Hahahahahahaha!!!”

“It’s always a funny night with you, Mistah J,” Harley said with deer wide eyes aimed directly at her boss.

“What can I say, Harl doll- I keep their attention. And if jokes fail...” The Joker ran towards a nearby closet and wheeled out a television on an AV cart. “I got a killer variety hour show!” Joker chuckled as he wheeled the cart in front of Batgirl. “Harley, babe, you may wanna step behind the TV here with me, unless you wanna get some boob tube drainage yourself.”

“Oooh!” Harley wisely stepped away from Batgirl, who she had been mocking the whole time, in order to stand next to Joker. She knew that she would be a fool to be anywhere in front of the screen after Joker turned it on.

“This episode will be a good’un! Hoo ho hooo!” Joker’s finger pressed the on button.

The screen flicked with a low light before coming into full view. A spinning black and white spiral moved slowly and hypnotically. Joker's theme song played brilliantly from the television's speakers.

Batgirl was starting to stir. "Uh... uh..." Her eyes flickered softly. As her head moved a bit more upright, Batgirl's eyes were transfixed to the screen almost immediately. Her eyes seemed to dilate before widening.

"That's my girl," Joker said with a grin before sneering. "Look into the spiral, Batgirl. Look into your new life."

"New... life?" Batgirl looked into the spiral, held captive, though her mind was still trying to fight. "I... uh... no."

"There's nothing you can do, Batgirl," Joker said, grinning again. "Nothing, except for, well, being happy."

"Joker can make you happy, Batgirl," Harley confirmed.

"No he... can't." Batgirl's eyes couldn't stray away from the spiral, but she knew that she couldn't let Joker win. Not like this. "Joker's... evil. He can't make anyone happy... not.. genuinely happy."

"No!" Joker shouted. "No, you nincompoop! I am *not* evil. Your sense of morals are! Your Gothamite righteousness, your bats in the belfry ideas of justice- that's evil! Trying to keep me, the greatest comedian of all time, from having fun! From telling some jokes, having some laughs. Well, let me tell you something, Batgirl!" Joker's finger's pressed against the top of the television like the talons of an eagle. "You're not going to be Batgirl much longer. Oh no. In fact, you're going to be the perfect replacement for a long time obsession of mine. One that chose to betray my legacy recently. You'll make up for her flimsy mind. Yes. You'll do perfectly."

"Crazy... talk," Batgirl said.

"Yes! Crazy talk! I love to go crazy! And you will, too! For soon, you will be my loving and doting daughter- Duella Dent!"

"N... no."

"Duella Dent, the Joker's Daughter." Joker rubbed his hands together, laughing as Harley squealed and clapped for him. "Duella... damned rotten brat decided that she'd rather be Riddler's daughter and help him solve Scooby Doo clues or something. The kid rarely even visited me! Using my namesake as some simple motif. Idiot... but you, Batgirl! You will see my

perfect vision to a T! The ultimate domination and ruling of an ignorant Gotham metropolis. Why, me, you, and Harley will turn Gotham into a circus! And we all know Batman and Robin can't stop us! No, not with you aboard."

The mind controlling television continued to spin it's spiral. Although part of Batgirl was going to get mummified, she was drooling a bit at the mouth as her mind was getting tighter, her control smaller... she could even tell the speed of the spiral was increasing. Her skin was sweaty, especially her forehead and her palms. She was straining. Mentally, she was trying to maintain who she was- Batgirl, the superheroine, the crimefighter. She tried to remember her alter ego, the librarian, Barbara Gordon. She had just seen her father that night, kept her secret hidden, for the good of Gotham, for the sake of the world. Batgirl, Barbara Gordon- those were her identities. Duela Dent, however...

"No... I can't... be her."

"You must! You must! You have no other choice, Bat brat! Accept it!"

"Boss," Harley interjected, "I think you're hurting her!" She smiled.

"Well, damn, I hope so!" Joker exclaimed. "What fun would this be if I wasn't hurting her?"

"Shattering her mind," Harley said.

"Making her brain tremble."

"Losing all sanity and focus."

"Helplessly feeling her old self fade and disintegrate into dust."

"Stop it," Batgirl said. "Stop..." She was getting weaker. Her body was shaking. All sense was breaking down.

"Stop what, Batgirl?" Joker asked. "The spiral? The brainwashing? The screen? What should I stop? Because I can't stop one without the other, and I can't stop any without one."

"S..."

"Perhaps you would like me to keep them all on?"

"S.... yes."

"Huh?"

"Yes... keep them all on."

"Now that's more like it." Joker chuckled before turning to Harley. "She what I said, Harley gal? Takes a little while to kick in with these heroic types sometimes."

"Real die hards," Harley said with rolling eyes.

"Buzzkills. But you're not a buzzkill anymore, are you, Batgirl?"

"I, er.... the machine."

"The machine? Yes. It's getting you prepared for your new identity. Duella Dent."

"Duella... Dent..."

"Yes. The Joker's daughter. My daughter. It's a way better name and title than.... say... Batgirl."

"But... Batgirl..."

"Yes, Duella?"

"Batgirl... is..."

"Dead. She's dead, yes?"

".... yes."

"Good." Joker grinned, seeing Duella falling into her new role perfectly. "Now, Duella, we've got a lot of work because you're very stubborn. Now, whenever daddy or Harley here tells you, 'let's have some laughs'... well... you'd damn better get into your role as the Joker's Daughter. Duella Dent. Got it?"

"I... er... yes, daddy."

"Now that's more like it. Heh! No more of this Batgirl stuff. Now... when daddy says 'That's enough Jokes for today' then you can get back to your boring, fake life as Batgirl, or whoever you are when that stupid cowl's off... which we'll find out soon enough before the night is out. Got it?"

"Yes... daddy."

Harley nodded as she folded her arms. "Batgirl's pretty obedient, Joker."

"To me, at least," Joker explained. "You just have to know how to talk to these types. Besides- I'm going to be the only thing she'll need to be obedient to for the rest of her life. Now, Batgirl... I want you to just keep looking at that spiral. In a few seconds, you're going to tell me everything about your alter ego- your name, where you work, etc. I'm going to need you, daytime and night. We'll have so many laughs together."

"So many... laughs."

"Isn't laughing fun, Duela?" Harley asked.

Batgirl laughed in response.

"That's right, Duela." Joker grinned. "You can only have fun doing bad. Crime is fun. Crime fighting is boring and bad."

Batgirl seemed to catch herself in the brainwashing dilemma. No, her mind thought out of nowhere, no... this isn't right. "No."

"Yes, Duela. Crime is funny. Hilarious! Crime fighting is lame. Horrible."

"No..."

"Justice dulls the senses... makes people bad."

"It.... does... it makes people... bad."

"Yes. And crime is fun!"

"Crime is... so much fun."

Joker laughed hysterically.

"Crime is... fun. Crime is fun."

"Yes! And justice is evil."

"Justice... is evil. Like Batgirl."

"Yes! That's right! But Batgirl isn't real anymore. Duela Dent is in charge now!"

"No... I'm not in charge...I... only make laughs... for Joker. *THE* Joker."

Joker's hands still held onto the surface of his brainwashing TV. The screen continued to hold the spinning spiral. It's speed was so high.

"I'm... Duella Dent. Crime is... fun."

"Yes! Crazy is fun!"

"Crazy is fun."

"Heroism is for the birds!"

"Robins."

"Hahahahaha!" Joker clapped his hands together joyously as Harley whistled and clapped like it was New Years.

"Here, here!" Harley said, commending her new comrade.

"That's pretty good, Duella." Joker walked up to his new Duella and pulled off the old Batgirl cowl. He gasped at what he saw. He recognized the face instantly. Standing before him was the one and only Barbara Gordon, Gotham Librarian, and most importantly, daughter of Commissioner Gordon.

"I can't believe this," Joker said.

"Believe it," Harley said with a grin.

Duella stared at Joker with a devoted, brainwashed gaze. "Yes, Joker?"

"Y... you're Barbara Gordon!"

"I was Barbara Gordon, secretly. It doesn't matter. Barbara Gordon is dead. You can call me Duella now." Barbara gave a wicked smile.

Joker grinned. "That's what I like to hear." Joker snapped his fingers. "Harley. Turn that TV off behind me, will you?"

Harley did as she was told.

Joker loosened the bonds and restraints on Batgirl.

Batgirl stood up, slipping an arm around Joker's. "What would you like me to do now,

daddy?"

"Well, you can't be a proper Duela without assuming the proper role, darling." Joker licked his lips. "It's time to dress up."

"Yes, Joker," Duela said softly. She hadn't fully slipped into her role yet, still in a puppet state of loyal obedience. Joker knew from experience that, sometimes, the assumed role would kick in when the mind controller least expected it, but he was ready for it.

Joker slipped Duela's old Batgirl clothes down to the floor as Harley grabbed the articles up in her arms. Duela was naked. What a sight to behold, Joker thought. Perked nipples, brazen skin, and smooth features that looked like they were chiseled from clay. Duela's physique was impressive, her legs especially strong. Joker couldn't help but give her nipples a little pinch.

As Joker's hands came to Duela's red hair, he pouted. "Let's do something about that... awful hair color before we get you dressed."

Joker brought Duela to a nearby bathroom. There was some green hair dye that he prepared especially for her. Standing at the door, he watched as Harley dyed Batgirl's hair on command. With the water helping the dye mix perfectly with the hair, Harley checked under the light to make sure she could get as close to the root as possible.

Looking at Duela's hair when Harley was done, Joker gave his nod of approval. "Perfect."

"Almost perfect, boss," Harley said.

Harley pulled out her makeup kit and worked quickly. She covered Duela's face and neck with white greasepaint before powdering away with talc and a powder brush. Making sure the white covered as much of her skin as possible, Harley then pulled out her red lipstick and rubbed it on Duela's lips. The harlequin smiled as she inspected Duela's face. "There we go! All better!"

"I'll say," Duela agreed before giggling a bit. "I was ready to get my real face on."

"Weren't we all," Joker said with a nod and a grin, happy to see Duela's personality slowly rise to the surface.

"It would be nice to get my clothes on now, daddy," Duela said as she stared at Joker with delight.

"Alright, alright," Joker said playfully with a chuckle. "Hold your horses. Let's go."

Harley and Joker lead Duella to her dress room. There, she saw her signature clothes, fit for the Joker's daughter. There was her purple top with a matching green vest and bow tie so she could proudly represent the Joker, tight fitting purple shorts that would showcase her beautiful legs, and her own joke carnation that would be a perfect storage unit for acid. Along with her flower arsenal, she even had a cute little purple top hat to wear.

Joker grinned as he placed a hand on Duella's back. "Well, don't just stand there, babe-try them on!"

"Oh, of course, Joker," Duella said with a sly fox smile. "I can't showcase my father's wonderful legacy without the beautiful clothes he's provided for me... or the toys."

Joker could hardly contain his glee as he watched Duella snap on her purple top without a bra. The nipples showed perfectly against the fabric before she slipped her new green vest on. After making sure it was nice and tight against her, Duella pulled on the shorts. No panties or lingerie would be worn at all, even though Joker had provided a magenta pair just in case. This was actually better, Joker thought to himself. As he saw Duella pull on purple socks with The Joker's face emblazoned on them, he thought he would just lose it. After she finished slipping on some fine fitting green high heels, Joker could hardly believe his luck as he saw the perfect Duella Dent standing before him.

"Duella," Joker said, waiting for someone to pinch him out of a dream.

"You were expecting maybe the commissioner's daughter?"

Joker watched in awe as Duella crossed the floor towards him. Wrapping an arm around Joker's neck and staring into his eyes, Duella rubbed her nose against his.

"No. I'm the Joker's daughter. The one and only."

Harley folded her arms jealously. "Hmph!"

Joker held Duella close before leaning in and kissing her. He was amazed with how soft her lips were. His hands moved through her hair with a strong grip before pulling back.

"Mmm," Duella answered. "What next?"

"What next?" Joker grinned. "Well, for the rest of our night, we'll have our little fun. But tomorrow, I'm going to send you into Gotham. You're going to resume your little life as Barbara Gordon, not suspecting a thing. When I call you, and by my command, you will come back to your new identity as Duella Dent, my daughter, and commit whatever crimes I have in store for you. Is that understood?"

Duela Dent smiled as wide as a demon. "Of course, Joker."

"Good." Joker snapped Harley over. His moll slide under left arm as Duela slid under his right. "Now, we're going to have a little slumber party."

End of Part One



Batgirl's Dented Personality
Part 2 of Dent in Your Plans and a Smile on Your Face, Batgirl!
Commission

When Barbara Gordon woke up that morning, she was surprised with how clear her mind felt. She didn't have a headache and she must have gotten all the hours of sleep she needed. After years of crime fighting and pursuing criminals, Batgirl was used to waking up to aching joints, jittery knees and a massive headache- all of which she ignored in order to get through the day. This day, she did have the aching joints and some body pain, but it felt more like she had a one night stand instead of a night of crime fighting. Still, she knew she had been out protecting Gotham again- she did so every night, especially with Batman out of town. Memories of the previous night, however, were nothing but a faded black mystery, a hidden blur.

Barbara yawned before flipping over the covers and sitting over the left edge of her bed. She looked around her room. There was a READ poster dedicated to the Gotham Library on her wall, a poster of the british singer duo Chad and Jeremy, and a poster dedicated to a New York songstress named Leslie Gore. Sometimes Batgirl would look at the Leslie picture and muse about how similar the young woman looked to an employee Catwoman had for a while, but then she'd just shake her head, laugh, and continue with her day. There were more things to worry about other than if pop stars could be villains.

After slipping off her pajamas and heading for her small bathroom, Barbara went to the faucet and started to run the water. She lifted her head in the thoughts of opening her medicine cabinet but she stopped when she looked in the mirror. Her hair, which had always been a full collection of red tresses, was suddenly a pile of green hair. Bright green. Barbara looked at it with shock and curiosity. How could this have happened? The first sight of it was like an unexpected dream, and after a few seconds of shock settling, the hair remained as a realistic nightmare.

"Gross." Barbara scowled, repelled by the hairstyle. "It looks as ugly as the freaking Joker."

Barbara felt a bit of anger. She would have never done this to her hair. The entire last night was a blur. Had she decided to drink a little? She didn't drink often, and she never did so after a crime fighting session. No. This was too weird, too strange and out of character. With the last night an enigma, Barbara was worried about what may have happened, but what could she do about it? She couldn't cry or waste her time getting upset unnecessarily.

Barbara stepped out of the bathroom to look at her clock. It was 9:00. She didn't have to be at her Gotham Library job until noon. That gave her enough time to leave her apartment, go to the neighboring hair store and find some red dye. That could work. Before then, she could see how temporary this green dye was (or wasn't) and try to wash it out. Set with a good

plan, Barbara went back into the bathroom and prepared her shower water. Slipping out of her undergarments, she proceeded to get soaked. She let the water run directly over her head first as it proceeded down to her shoulders, her breasts and back, moving down the contours of her hips and legs. Almost immediately, after getting some hair and water away from her eyes, she could see green rivulets of dye joining the water. A sense of relief moved through her. Oh, thank God, some of it can be washed out. Even so, she was a bit nervous with how much would actually come out.

Barbara grabbed a big bottle of shampoo and lathered up her hair. As her hands and fingers ran through it, she scrubbed against her scalp and head harder than usual. Her hands were already stained with green and the dye was running against her arms. It was no problem- the water was constantly washing off the newly released dyes, letting them run down the drain. Still, dyes ran all over her skin, staining her breasts and torso with green before it poured down her legs. The floor of the tub and even the wall were becoming a green mess. At least it was getting out, the possibility of avoiding a hair shop visit more probable.

Who did this to me? Barbara questioned herself as she thought carefully. She must have avoided trouble to have woken up in her bedroom. Her apartment was still in tact. Still, she couldn't help but think of all her green friends- The Riddler, The Joker, Poison Ivy. She couldn't help but think The Riddler may have done something to her, since her entire night seemed to avoid her like a bad riddle. He had a horrific way of playing with people's minds. She couldn't help but feel she was being paranoid, however. If she had come back to her place, safe and sound, it would be no doubt that she may have had some fun before bed. She probably played with her hair and was basically knocked out after another long, busy night. No big deal.

Yeah, she thought. That was it. The words "no big deal" ran in her head like a repetitive affirmation from a television salesman as the dyes from the shampoo and water were dying down, hardly any green running now. She held some of her hair up to her eyes and nodded with a smile. All she saw was wet matted red tresses. From what she could tell now, she had gotten her hair back. Barbara decided that now as the time to fully wash. She got her washcloth and lathered it up with soap before first washing her face, especially the disgusting sleep crust around her eyes, and then paying attention to the rest of her body. Barbara took extra care to clean under her underarms after her neck and arms were washed, then proceeded to wash her breasts and underneath them. She noticed there was still some dye on her stomach and hips, which she cleaned perfectly before washing her back. After paying some close attention to her legs, she targeted her feet, getting the lingering dye off her soles and toes. After that, she could clean her crotch area and between her inner thighs before washing her backside, which she always saved for last. She assumed she must have been in the bathroom for no less than a half an hour before feeling fully clean.

After turning the shower faucet off and stepping out on the bathroom rug, Barbara grabbed a towel and started to dry up. The steam of the shower was still hot and spread

through the area like a cloud, so she had to get out of there. After drying up a significant bit, she wrapped a towel around her torso and then her hair before stepping back into her bedroom. The first place her eyes looked was her clock. The clock said 9:28. Yes- she was nearly correct in assuming that she had been in the shower for nearly half an hour. This gave her a good deal of time to knock out any other responsibilities before going to work.

Barbara's hair continued to tug at the towel on her head, cleaning up any excess water before looking into her bedroom mirror. She pulled the towel down. Wet red hair fell down to her shoulders, thick and moist. Thank God, she thought again. Barbara was so glad she didn't have to dye her hair with a fake tint of red to disguise a fake tint of green. All the time, she was feeling her paranoias and fears subsiding. No major villain, or even a minor villain, would waste their time dying her hair, she thought. It was just some fun activity she had done before bedtime, some weird misunderstanding, and she would forget about it right then and there. Barbara Gordon was, once again, Barbara Gordon.

After getting her hair dried with the blowdryer and putting it up in a bun, Barbara reached into her closet. She always planned her clothes well in advance before her work week, and she had the perfect ensemble for now. She wore a nice checkered skirt she got at Gotham's famous boutique, Lucy's, and a cute black top that went with it perfectly. Her clear stockings were very respectable with her checkered shoes she had bought to match the skirt.

Barbara sighed happily. "Phew. Time to live a normal life again." Normal. At least she had the day time to feel like a normal human being. Night time was different.

For breakfast, Barbara made some toast, had some eggs, fruit, and poured a glass of orange juice. The light meal always made her day start off well, so she stuck with it. After reading the newspaper, she looked at the clock. It was already 11:00. Time always flew when she read the paper. After checking the mirror a final time and making sure she was properly dressed, Barbara was out the door, ready to see her beloved library.

After getting through the Gotham city traffic, Barbara got to the library at 11:45. Perfect timing, she thought. Even Temple Fulgate couldn't compete with her impeccable punctuality. She greeted some fellow librarians before heading into the back and clocking in. With her work day starting, Barbara excused the morning checkout desk worker and took over the desk for the evening.

Many patrons came to check out books or inquire where to find items. As always, Barbara was helpful, and she got into many conversations. Many laughs and jokes were exchanged that day. Many of the patrons couldn't help but comment to Barbara about how much she seemed to be different that day. When Barbara would ask why, they would comment on how friendly she had always been, but today she was more jovial, cheery and... hilarious. After three or four hours, Barbara did think about how she had been making more jokes than usual. Although she fancied herself to be a witty and humourous person when time aloud, she

had usually been a bit more reserved. Barbara wasn't as serious as Batman in her day to day operations, but she surely never saw herself as an extremely jovial person either. Hm, she thought. She must have been in a good mood.

That would have explained a lot. For one, the work day was going extremely fast- faster than usual. Before Barbara knew it, it was six o'clock. This was one of her least busy days, since some days she would come in at 8 a.m. and then leave at 6, but she never remembered any of her noon to six days seeming nearly as quick as this one. All in all, she felt like she had only been in the library for half that time, and as much as she loved her job, she had to go. Part of her felt a little pained that she would resume her secret life that night, crime fighting and keeping Gotham safe. She usually looked forward to it with some exhilaration, but this evening she felt annoyed and even disgusted by it. Was she starting to get tired of the Batgirl lifestyle?

Still, someone had to do it. If Batman wasn't here, she'd protect Gotham with all her heart.

Barbara must have been on autopilot. She remembered getting into her car, leaving work, and driving where she would have assumed with home, but her mind seemed to take her to another place. For some reason, she was finding herself in a costume shop and was looking directly at a jester costume. Weird, she thought to herself as she looked around and saw the many costumes that surrounded her. Why would she end up here? It was strange, but she felt like coming to the shop was part of her to do list, as if she had been planning to go here all day.

Barbara tried to backtrack her mind to a few seconds before. She remembered crossing through the row of aisles and specifically seeing the section titled "Clown and Jester accessories". After that, she could remember browsing through the different items they had on the shelves- red noses, white gloves, clown horns, hats and shoes. As Barbara trailed back in the short term memory of her mind, she looked back at the shoes she browsed earlier. They sure were huge, many of them, and shiny, with an assortment of colors from red to black and yellow. The shoes, however, were not what she had come here for. Neither were the funnier, more outrageous and grotesque clown costumes. Something was nagging at her mind to get something sleeker, more chic. Her clothes would have the hilarity of any clown garb with a mix of sex appeal.

Barbara looked at a small row of jester costumes and accessories. There was such a variety! There were many cap and bells in different colors, along with royal looking ruffles and even jester scepters. As beautiful as the caps were, she doubted that she would need to wear any of them. Hell, she thought, she could do something nice with her hair to go with the costumes. One of the jester tops stood out to Barbara as her hands gripped the sleeves. It was beautiful, she had to admit. One of the sleeves was a bright green, the other a striped black and red. There were playing cards sticking out on the left side of its torso with a big purple lilac of a flower. It even had a cute little skirt with black and white checker board print, much like what Barbara already had on. There must have been a Gotham party or masquerade she had

remembered to prepare for, because the desire and necessity she felt for buying the costume was strong.

There was something else that attracted Barbara Gordon's attention- hanging right under the jester top she had picked out was a beautiful pair of purple tights with clown faces where the knees would be. The clown faces were smiling with open mouths that appeared to be laughing. Barbara found it cute. She couldn't help but think how good she would look in those tights, that silly top and maybe a ruffled collar with some greasepaint on her face. She bet she would even look better in that fancy getup than her Batgirl costume. For some reason, her crime fighting suit seemed very bland and boring compared to all this stuff. It was so bright, colorful and fun. No wonder Joker and Harley wore the duds they did, Barbara thought.

Buy, a strong voice inside her head kept saying, buy, buy. She could swear a laughter was circulating through her mind as well, an unending laugh. The laughter wouldn't stop, but Barbara didn't want it to end. Instead, she giggled along with it before suppressing her laughter. There were some nice purple gloves that she grabbed before taking a look at some high heels. One pair stood out to her- they were like regular high heels, except they were purple with green heels. No way, she thought. She had to look in her arms at her accessories- there were a lot of items here that reminded her of Joker and Harley's colors. The only thing that made Barbara uneasy about the whole shopping ordeal was with how at ease she felt about holding these items. Before today, she would have gotten suspicious and uneasy with the aisle, but it felt like no big deal to her now.

Barbara looked in her arms. What a big pile! She hadn't expected to grab so many costume accessories.

"It looks like you need a hand," a voice said beside her.

Barbara turned to look the person beside her. It was a woman with dark long hair, a black tight fitting top with a matching skirt and fishnet stockings. She was some beautiful goth girl that looked like she had literally stepped out of the 80s. Her accent was strange, as if she had just got off a bus from California.

"Oh, er, I do," Barbara said as she watched the goth girl take some of the accessories off her hands. "I guess I'm getting myself in trouble."

"No problem. Well, it looks like you've got a lot of great stuff here. Cute shoes, nice tights... we're usually dead around here when there's no holiday session. Are you an actress or are you getting dressed for a boyfriend or something?"

Barbara laughed nervously. "Honestly, I couldn't tell you why I'm dressing up like this. I mean, I'm use to dressing up but clown motifs? Clowns are so... out of my nature."

The woman nodded. "I can relate. Sometimes you just need a change. Shall I ring you up, then?"

"I would be delighted if you did," Barbara said.

The women carried the costume parts down the aisles as they headed towards the register.

"You know what you need with this?" the goth girl started to comment. "You should use some makeup and greasepaint. A clown just isn't a clown without some greasepaint. Don't you think?"

Barbara nodded. "I think you're right. Where can I get some?"

"Oh, why, I keep all of that up here." The woman reached under her desk and pulled out a number of different greasepaint and makeup containers. "Cash or credit?"

Barbara's eyes widened as she looked at the containers. Wow, she thought, that's a lot of greasepaint! Still, no part of her could protest against buying them. "I, um, er, well... I guess... cash?"

The goth girl stared at Barbara with a blank expression before smiling warmly. "You know what? I can tell you're a costume enthusiast. How about this? Everything's on the house."

"Really?"

"Oh yes. It would be our honor for you to take these items. Just make sure you'll have fun with them."

"Yes. Yes! I promise I will. Thank you!"

After the clothes and accessories were put into shopping bags, Barbara headed out of the door. Then, she got back into her car. With the excitement Barbara felt, there was also a strong sense of embarrassment and confusion. She could have sworn that most of the last hour went by in a blur. She remembered driving but she didn't even remember going into the store, or even initially saying that she was going to buy a costume. There definitely wasn't any memory in what she was going to use the costume for, and then she had to think about how much she hated anything clown related in the past. Clowns had always reminded her of the Joker, Gotham's number one villain, and completely turned her off from anything dealing with costumed merrymakers, made up circus freaks, and buffoons. Clown always had equated to evil psychopaths in Barbara Gordon's mind but, suddenly, looking at this costume and its silly motif didn't make her feel any emotion related to rage or disgust. Instead, Barbara felt euphoria,

glee, even intoxicated. The sight of the clothing inspired some hidden mischievous spirit inside of her. As the Joker started to plug into the memories of her mind, Barbara didn't feel any of the regular ill will or hatred towards him. Suddenly, her mind was flooded with images of the Joker, which only brought up thoughts of laughter, joy, amusement, even loyalty.

Barbara had to stop herself. How long had she been thinking about The Joker? Ten, twenty minutes? Her heart was throbbing, the pulse of her veins hot and heavy. Was she... in love?

"No way," Barbara thought as she slapped herself repeatedly in the face. This was a dream.

Yet, it wasn't. Thoughts of the Joker wouldn't leave her alone.

Barbara laughed.

*

Barbara's new identity was slowly returning that night. Events were unraveling just as he had intended them to.

When Barbara came back to her apartment, she took her shopping bags and placed them on the bed. Her hands went into the bags and pulled out the articles of clothing. She looked through it all, sorting everything out on the bed- top, tights, shoes, skirt, gloves, hat, and the many makeup containers. An idea came to her as she looked at the skirt- a nice set of fishnet stockings would go so well with the costume. She wondered if she had been inspired by the strange goth cashier from the costume shop. Whatever the source, the idea has to be exercised. Barbara went to her dresser drawer and pulled out the stockings.

The woman rubbed her hands together in excitement as she looked at the ensemble. She couldn't wait to try it on. She thought that she might as well get out of the clothes she had on now. She kicked off her matching checkered skirt and shoes before pulling off her black top. Her clear stockings were the next to go. It was then that Barbara realized that, for the whole day, she hadn't been wearing any underwear. She was a bit shocked- it wasn't like her usual self to go out without any undergarments on. Shrugging, she could only assume that she forgot. Still, she liked the thought of being in her new clown clothes without any lingerie underneath. Besides, why would she need pantyhose or a bra?

Barbara still didn't understand the compulsive need to wear these clothes, and then again, she didn't care. She was going to wear them, and she was sure that she would look quite good in them. Before she started to put anything on, she took a good long look in the bedroom mirror. She tried to envision herself wearing the clothes over her long legs, her curved hips and supply breasts. Her hands moved up to her hair, undoing her boring librarian bun- she

loved that red texture but the hairstyle seemed so dated in professionalism, archaic and bland. No, she thought- for the new her, she needed something with spunk, maybe even a bit more... 'emo-ish'. Barbara thought about the funny kids and the weird Gotham music scene, her head flooding with ideas.

Reaching back into her dresser, Barbara grabbed a pair of scissors. She went back to the mirror and started clipping her hair. With each snip, she wanted to make her hair more stylish. Around her neck, she cut her hair nowhere past the length of her shoulders. From there, she put some attention to her bangs, giving the ends more sharpness. It took no more than 15 minutes before she could put the scissors down, look at her naturally perfect red hair, and nod in approval at what she saw.

Barbara looked to the bed. There were all of the clothes, waiting for her. She walked over to the bed and pulled on the tights first. They outlined the shape of her strong legs nicely, accentuating her calves and hamstrings. So cute, she thought with a laugh before slipping on her top. She had to tighten the top from behind with some string hanging from the loops. After Barbara had fully put on her top, she licked her lips and playfully pumped up her breasts in her hands. The top gave her a good lift, and it only looked better when Barbara pulled on her new checkered skirt. She couldn't help but notice how the skirt from the costume shop fit better and looked better than the skirt she had gotten at Lucy's boutique. How could the costume shop have given away their merchandise so nonchalantly to a stranger?

The redhead reached over to her fishnet stockings and pulled them on before slipping on her new silly highheels. She made sure the fishnet stockings were pulled over her tights. The purple and green really looked good on her and made her think of Joker. Joker... an image that used to make her want to throw up suddenly made her heart throb and her skin warm. It was all so weird, and sort of embarrassing. With each article of clothing, she felt disconnected from her life and identity as Barbara Gordon. Batgirl was a distant and dull memory. No- right now, she was moving towards another ego, another self.

The woman laughed.

After grabbing a container of white greasepaint and heading to the mirror, the woman prepared herself with a deep breath. Now, she was going to apply her makeup. As soon as the first cool rub of greasepaint met her forehead, a memory came to her. Things were happening just as they were set to, all at the right time. She had been instructed to buy these costume accessories, to gather these paints, and now she was executing another demand- to become her new self. Barbara wasn't going to be her name anymore- no. Even though she couldn't pinpoint exactly who she was now, she was sure all of that would come to her. It wasn't long before her entire face was painted white that she thought it could use more color. Yes, she thought- some purple over the top eyelids, a pinkish blush at the cheeks, red lips. She could be more creative than this.

As the woman reached for a violet container of greasepaint, she felt an array of confusion. Who was she? Barbara did not feel like herself anymore.

The woman started to paint over her eyelids. They came out to a beautiful cerulean blue, which really did wonders to bring out her eyes. After she finished painting her eyelids, she went to grab the red greasepaint and was back at the mirror. It didn't take long for her to make the white on her cheeks mix in to create a pink blush on her cheeks, and after she cleaned her lips of white greasepaint, she easily applied red over the lips. Immediately, the red wetness of the lips stood out to Barbara as nice and sexy. She rubbed the lips together before puckering up in front of the mirror, making sure they were completely covered. Finally, she got some eyelash extensions in her drawer and put them on. They were long, dark, and curly. After her eyelashes were on, she drew thin black eyebrows over her violet eyelids. With her face perfect and complete, she could pull her purple gloves on without staining them.

"This isn't me," Barbara thought as she looked into the mirror. "This is someone different."

Barbara walked to her bed and looked up at the ceiling. She ran her hands through her hair in confusion. Who was she? The question ran through her mind over and over again. It was too much for her to fathom. She had a pleasure from being dressed this way, and it suddenly made her feel guilty. It was as if she was suddenly forgetting who she was, letting go of all that made her. She didn't look like an upholder of the law, or a guardian of justice. She looked like a clown, a buffoon, or a...

Joker. The clown prince bursted through the door of Barbara's bedroom, laughing maniacally as Harley followed him inside. Harley's hands were behind her back, a musing smile of mischief on her face.

Barbara looked from the mirror in utter fear and shock. Chaos kicked into her mind as she realized who was in her home. "Joker!" Barbara shouted.

The Joker turned to look at his new Duella Dent. Excitement flooded through him as he noted how successful his brainwashing had been. "How did you like my costume shop, Duella?"

Barbara's eyes widened in shock. The costume shop. She would have never guessed in a million years that Joker owned the place. "D... Duella?"

"You forgot some extra luggage," Harley said with a smile as she pulled her hands from behind her back and threw something in Barbara's face. Barbara grabbed the item and looked at it. She recognized it instantly- it was the dark hair of the goth girl, merely a wig from the costume shop. The cashier had been Harley in disguise all along.

"The costume does suit her nicely, don't you think, Harley?" Joker asked.

"You're right, boss."

"How... how did you two find me?" Barbara was afraid to move, cemented to the bed. Suddenly, even in the midst of shock, things were becoming clear. The sudden want to dress in clown clothes, the weird changes to her personality- the Joker had to be involved in this. If he was, somehow he was either aware of Barbara's role as Batgirl or using her as a pawn against Commissioner Gordon. Either way, she had to keep silent about her alternative ego. "What did you do to me?"

"Well, Duella. I hope you understand that I let you live another day as your old self to teach you a lesson."

"A lesson?" Barbara gathered the strength to stand up. "Whatever could it be?"

"Simple. Your life as Barbara Gordon or Batgirl could never be as fun as the life that we have in store for you."

Barbara shook her head. There was no question about it now- Joker knew that Barbara Gordon was Batgirl. How could he have figured it out? Did he kidnap and brainwash her somehow, letting her go back to her normal life as some sort of joke before coming to claim her back? The whole scenario seemed like an asinine waste yet the cruelty of it was so much like Joker.

Harley walked toward the bed and sat beside Barbara. "We sure did have a lot of fun last night. Didn't we, Duella?"

"Last night?" Barbara asked?

"Yes. When we brainwashed you and then played with you."

Barbara felt anger rising. "So you're playing some game with me? Like a toy doll?"

"Better than a toy doll, Barbie!" Joker laughed. "More like a living, breathing, easily manipulated and submissive toy doll."

"You did something to my mind! What was it? Why am I behaving like this?"

"You won't be needing to worry your pretty little head about all that stuff, Duella," Harley said.

"No?" Barbara balled her fists. "Why not?"

"Because soon, you'll be ready for round two and a night about the town."

Barbara could feel her fists sweating as her teeth gritted. She was ready to fight if she had to.

"It's all as simple as one phrase," Joker said with a grin.

"Ha ha!" Harley turned to Joker. "What was that phrase, honey?"

"Well... I believe it was... oh yes! Let's have some laughs!"

That was exactly it. Instantly, as the trigger phrase was announced, Barbara's mind snapped into another mode. Suddenly, Barbara Gordon and Batgirl were no more. There was only Duela Dent, the Joker's Daughter, standing before Harley and the Joker. Her lips grinned wide as her eyes shined with a flare of mischief.

"Let's," Duela said affirmatively.

"Well," Joker said as he walked closer to Duela. He pressed a hand on Duela's shoulder and looked her deeply in the eyes. "I have to be honest with you, Duela. Although we always have a lot of fun, and there will be a lot of laughs, there's work to be done to."

Duela lifted her left brow curiously. "Work?"

"Yes," Joker said.

"Crime work," Harley said.

"Crime... work?"

"Exactly." Joker chuckled. "And we have quite a busy night planned for you. Well, shall we be off?"

Duela nodded. "Of course, daddy."

Joker grabbed Duela's arm and led her out of the door. Harley followed. The apartment was left behind, the shopping bags left on the floor. As the team headed out, Duela found it hard to try to predict exactly what could be in store for her that night.

To Be Continued

A Moment of Silence For Ms. Vale

Duela Dent Part 3

Commissioned

Joker's costume shop was very quiet around 10:15 in Gotham City. It had been a place of rest and relaxation for him in the past two weeks. Every time he got out of Arkham, he was like a nomad trying to find a temporary home for his mischief and hoping that he could stay free for once. However, that usually wasn't the case, since Batman foiled him at every turn.

This time, he didn't have to worry about Batman interfering with his plans. Joker could tell when Batman was out of town- that was when he saw more of Robin or Batgirl in the news, and Batgirl had been showing up in headlines frequently. It was the main thing that attracted him towards a new idea- playing a joke on Batgirl for some laughs while the real big bat was away.

Joker couldn't say that he had fallen short of that scheme. At his right side with her arm wrapped in his stood a well behaved and mentally controlled Batgirl whom he had successfully brainwashed with a little old mesmerizing spinner from a television screen. Joker had learned from the best, Mad Hatter, during his stay at Arkham and he couldn't help but try out all of his newly learned brainwashing technology on the beautiful Batgirl.

Now, her whole life was in his hands. He knew that Batgirl was Barbara Gordon. He would play with her identities slowly before erasing them forever, letting Batgirl slowly melt into her new identity as Duela Dent. The clown prince was still angry at the real Duela for abandoning her obsession to be The Joker's Daughter for the low rate Riddler instead. Oh well, he thought; arrivederci.

Harley loyally stood at Joker's left hand side. She used to be his literal "right hand girl", but she would now have to make room for Duela. Harley didn't have any complaints to make. Besides, why would she ever question the Joker? She loved the mental games that he was putting Batgirl through, slowly destroying her sense of identity to conform with the Joker's. If Joker told her to take a second seat for his new experiment, sure, Harley would feel a tinge of jealousy- but it wasn't like she wasn't going to enjoy using Batgirl too. The way Harley saw it, Batgirl was hers now as well, and with the crime fighter assuming her new life as Duela Dent, Harley could only see her as a new part of their family.

"What are you doing, Joker?" Duela asked curiously as the three of them walked the aisles together.

"Why, it's very simple, dear." Joker said as he rubbed his chin, curiously looking up and down the rows of accessories and items. "I'm trying to find the perfect costume for the perfect caper."

"Gee, boss!" Harley said with a grin as she hugged Joker's arm tighter, looking up to him

as she rubbed his chin affectionately. "What caper are we going to pull?"

Suddenly, Joker's bipolarity shifted as he shouted at Harley with flaring eyes. "I haven't thought of it yet!"

Harley sunk her head down as she continued to hold The Joker's left arm. "Oh..."

Joker composed himself before kissing Harley on the forehead, making her perk up again. "Sorry, Harls... you know how I get when I'm thinking. You just... shouldn't interrupt me like that." The clown prince grabbed a ballerina costume off the shelf and studied it before tossing it apathetically behind him. "It's just that, well, I'm trying to think of something humiliating to do, but I can't think of a perfect target!"

"Humiliating?" Duela asked.

"Yes! I've been figuring something out, Duela. I think that Batman is out of town."

"He is," Duela said without any concern of holding secrets from The Joker. She would tell Joker anything.

"Perfect." Joker grinned. "It's just that, this is such an opportunity to play with a friend of Batman's, humiliate them for as long as I desire without any interruptions. If I could find someone close to him, maybe someone that he would really be upset to hear about something happening to them, why... why, I'd be the happiest clown on Earth! If even for a day."

"Wow, Mistah J, you sure are demented," Harley teased.

"Awww," Joker said with a blush. "Stop, you're embarrassing me."

"No, but it's true, daddy," Duela said as she reached up and kissed Joker on the cheek. "That dementia needs to be shared with the world."

"That's what I always told the comedy spots! But they would never believe me."

"They just didn't see your genius. Hmmm..." Duela paced a little as she looked at the costumes. Suddenly, a bright idea hit her. Duela's entire face perked up as she turned to Joker. "I know the perfect person you should humiliate tonight."

"I'm listening," Joker said before chuckling.

"You need someone close to Batman. It would also be good if it were someone you've humiliated before. Well, I remember reading about your past in Batman's files, and something in your background always used to disturb me but now it inspires so many dirty and evil ideas."

"Go on," Joker said before chuckling again.

"I think we need to pay Vicki Vale a visit."

Joker and Harley's eyes got huge. Duela could tell they were impressed.

"Vicki Vale! Why didn't I think of that! She actually came back in town after laying low for a while."

Harley laughed. "You always told me about her, boss, but I never got a chance to play with her."

"Well, think about it," Duela said with a grin. "The woman's already been traumatized by you... and traumatized is truly an understatement. Look, Joker. As a sick, insane and schizophrenic mad man without manners-

"You're too kind!"

"- it would be even more fun to find her, give her a costume to wear, and make her relive old nightmares in a new way."

Harley grinned wide. "Duela... for a brainwashed broad, you're really smart."

"I'm only here to make The Joker happy," Duela said. "And that's what makes me happy."

"Of course," Joker said. "Good job, Duela. I agree. We should visit our lovely Vicki Vale and give her a dressup night she would never forget. Hmm..." After a quick moment of thinking, Joker snapped as a dark idea finally took hold of his mind. His grin grew even more sinister than it always was. "I know! Come on, ladies, let's go to the clown aisle."

The women followed Joker, trying to keep up with his quick gait.

"What do you have planned, Joker?" Harley asked.

"Oh, ladies... just wait till you get a load of this!"

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It was 11:15 and Vicki Vale was getting tired. Lifting her arms up, she stretched before grabbing the remote control and turning off the TV. Her living room was comfortable but the bedroom was calling her now. She had been in Gotham for months working on a special

investigative story on crime alley. Although she had won accolades and awards before, she was convinced that this new story was going to blow Gotham out of the water. Vicki couldn't lie- she was happy that the Gotham Gazette hired her again, even though there was still some bad blood from her move to Metropolis.

Everyone knew that she had left because of her encounter with The Joker, however. There was no way that fact could be hidden, and her whole experience with Joker, Batman and Bruce Wayne had left her a little cold towards men. It was a decade later and she was still sleeping solo in a bed for two. Sure, she dated here and there, even got serious with some guys, but it always fell apart. Vicki didn't know what was wrong with her. She knew that she still had panic attacks anytime she thought of the Joker, and the tension she felt in remembering Bruce Wayne and his secret lifestyle made her a bit sick. Maybe she was giving up hope that someday, all would have been forgiven and she could move on. It would never happen. They thought Joker had died- that was a lie. With the Joker still alive, going in and out of Gotham, always filling newspapers with horror stories, Vicki doubted she would ever be clean of him.

The tiredness was kicking in more. Vicki stood up, dreading the fact that Joker's face would be the first thing she saw as soon as she closed her eyes but she had to sleep. The constant bouts of insomnia weren't going to destroy her and she was going to break through, make a way and find peace. All of that would happen... after she answered the strange knocking at her door.

The knocking was loud. Vicki looked at her clock. It was 11:20.

"Are you kidding?" Vicki shouted at the door. "I'm about to get some sleep!"

The knocking continued. It was loud and annoying, one of those sing songy knocks that some stupid clown would make. Why couldn't people just be normal?

"Damn kids," Vicki said under her breath. She was certain it was the bad kids that lived on her floor. They stayed up late while their parents slept, sometimes running down the hall and knocking on doors at night. Even so, this was the first time they resorted to corny knocking patterns.

"I'm telling your parents," Vicki shouted as she stormed towards the door. She hardly got two feet in front of the door before the knocker invited himself in.

The door didn't just open- it burst open.

"Vicki!" Joker shouted as he held a huge bouquet of flowers. "Nice to see you, doll!"

Vicki looked in terror as the clown prince, her biggest and realist nightmare, walked past the threshold of her apartment.

“So good to see you, again, Vicki! Oh! I’m sure you’ll like to meet the current ladies in my life- after we had our falling out.” Joker whistled at the door.

Harley and Duela walked in slowly, both of them holding shopping bags as they looked around at Vicki’s apartment.

Joker walked up to Vicki, frozen and shaking with fear as she looked at Harley and Duela.

“Vicki, darling, please meet my current girlfriend of... I lost count of how many years, Harley.”

“Nice to meet you,” Harley said as she brushed past Vicki, eyeing her up and down. “My puddin’ was obsessed with you? Really? Ha!”

“Ooh! Ooh!” Joker pulled Vicki along to Duela. “Allow me to introduce my daughter, Duela.”

Vicki eyed the bag in Duela’s hands with suspicion, her shaking getting worse. “What’s in the bag?”

“Don’t worry about that, Vicki babe!” Joker laughed as he grabbed Vicki’s arm and started to dance with her as Harley started to play with the radio. “You’ll find out all of that information later. For now, we need to... catch up.”

“I’ll be the DJ,” Harley said with a wink as she found a orchestral station. They were playing a waltz. “How convenient!”

Joker whisked Vicki around the floor. “I’m so glad you came back. I don’t know why everyone was saying you left the city to get away from me. I told them all, no way! Vicki would never do that. She’s a hard working woman, always up and at it, taking those pictures...”

“What do you want from me?” Vicki said as she shivered in the clown’s gloved hands.

Joker pulled the woman close with a sneer that could hardly be hidden from his lips. “We could have been something, Vicki. But you had to lack a sense of humor, those ten years ago.”

Vicki stared at the Joker with teary and shaky eyes. Why was he still here? She watched him fall, heard the news reports, and then, a year after his death, he had come back to Gotham. He had raised havoc and brought the city down to its knees, found a psychotic girlfriend, and now spent his days harassing normal citizens for a personal laugh. And for what?

None of it made sense to Vicki.

The photojournalist spit in the clown's face.

Joker frowned instantly.

"You're scum," Vicki said with a sneer.

Joker cleared up his frown, folding it into a grin as his eyebrows continued to furrow deep. "You don't have a good attitude, Vicki. Or a happy face."

"And she talks too much," Harley complained.

"That's okay." Duela reached into her bag, pulling out some feathers. "We have a special night prepared for her."

Harley turned off the radio.

"Wait." Vicki got agitated, looking at Harley and Duela as they came closer. "What are you doing?"

"Relax, Angel," Joker said as he held the woman's wrists with a tight grip, flipping her around in his arms to constrain her. "We're only going to make you laugh."

Vicki started to kick the Joker's legs, trying to fight him off, but Harley was quick to pull out a cannister from her shopping bag and spray Vicki with it. Vicki immediately felt stiff and lethargic, the fight in her dying down. It didn't take long for her to realize that she had been sprayed with some sort of stun gas. Her legs buckled and sprawled out on the floor as Joker held her arms and the women slipped off Vicki's shoes.

"No," Vicki said as she watched Harley and Duela grab her feet. She was surprised to still be conscious. Vicki could feel her body but she suddenly felt so weak and helpless.

"Goochy goochy goo," Harley said as she started to move a feather up and down Vicki's left foot, giggling as she did so.

Vicki felt a giggle immediately erupt from her mouth. "N-no. Haha! Stop... I'm extremely-"

"Ticklish?" Duela asked as she brushed another feather on Vicki's right sole.

The sensation of both feathers bought immediate discomfort to Vicki. "S-stop!" Vick shouted before erupting in laughter.

"She must not know the code word to stop," Duela said as she attended the feet, brushing the feather ever so playfully against it.

"We should do this until she cracks," Harley said with amusement.

"No! Please! Hahahaha..." Vicki tried to compose herself as the feathers did their work on her feet. She felt so uncomfortable, wishing she could get out. Duela and Harley showed no signs of stopping. The three home invaders held her down, rudely handling her on the floor as she laughed helplessly, feeling her ribs aching from the endless tickling. To make her own laughter that much worse, Joker was laughing every step of the way, enjoying her discomfort.

"No more! Hahahahaha, please, stop, no more..."

Vicki didn't know how much time had passed. Her body was feeling so weak, claimed by the stun gas, yet her skin seemed to have a heightened sense of sensitivity. She had always been ticklish, but somehow she felt even more ticklish than before. The feathers moving across the soles of her feet were almost unbearable.

"You know my efficiency in chemistry, Vicki," Joker said with a musing smile. "I just happened to concoct a very special spray that we got to use on you tonight." The Joker grabbed Vicki's chin as he stared into her eyes, enjoying every moment of her uncontrollable giggling. "As you can tell, it's making you very limp, but making your skin so extremely sensitive! Just perfect for tickling."

The Joker gave a menacingly creepy laugh as Harley and Duela continued to tickle away.

"Hey, Joker," Duela said as she reached into the shopping bag. "Should I try that other joke now?"

"Which one, dear?" Joker asked.

Duela pulled out a small little joke carnation from the bag and attached it to her top. "You know, the one you showed me."

"Hmmm.... I forgot exactly what you're talking about. Perhaps you could show me, or better yet, show Vicki?"

"Sure, daddy." Duela said as she eased up to Vicki's face and held the carnation. "I just hold the flower to her face, like so, and... voila!"

The carnation sprayed a strong cloud of purple gas into Vicki's face. She fell asleep

instantly.

*

When Vicki woke up, she was in the center of her living room, restrained to a chair with ropes.

"What's going on!" Vicki yelled

"Ah. The princess is awake from her slumber." Duela walked in front of Vicki, smiling wide.

Vicki looked around suspiciously and frantically for Harley and Joker.

"Don't worry," Duela said with a smile. "The boss is still here. He's just cleaning out your bedroom. You sure have a lot of money in there. Haven't you heard of banks?"

Vicki wanted to plead, to ask for mercy, but she was in the hands of The Joker and his women. Vicki knew that The Joker was not kind to his hostages, and she could only fear for her fate. Even though she didn't know this Duela, she knew that being left in the care of anyone associated with the Joker didn't last well.

"I've got something for you," Duela said as she pulled out a shiny pocket watch on a gold chain. "I picked this one up at Joker's shop. He taught me a few things he learned about hypnotic control. I guess after placing me in a pretty strong trance, he only wanted me to share the joy."

"No, please." Vicki shook her head sporadically as she saw the pocket watch snap open. She wanted no part in being hypnotised by anyone in Joker's camp.

"Don't worry, it doesn't last long," Duela said as she swung the watch back and forth. "Since you're a regular woman, your willpower won't be too strong against this device. That's why we don't need super expensive technology to handle your mind the way Joker needed to take over mine."

"No," Vicki said, shaking her head as she pulled her head back from Duela. "I... I won't let you do this to me."

"But you must," Duela said. The watch swung back in forth.

"No! I won't allow it, I tell you. You can't do this to me." Vicki bit her lip as she tried to look away from the watch. At times, Duela could see Vicki's eyes move back, as if being pulled by a magnetic force. Duela knew that she had Vicki right where she wanted her. No matter

how much the photojournalist tried to resist, she would be won over.

“Just give up, Vicki,” Duela said. “It’s the best thing you can do.”

“No.”

“Yes... watch the birdy.”

In a matter of seconds, after only a little resistance, Vicki’s eyes were already following the swinging pendulum of a watch perfectly.

“That’s it,” Duela mouthed kindly.

Vicki’s mouth dropped like a buffoon’s as she stared at it, being claimed by the watch with each movement, feeling her hands tremble. Before long, her eyes were completely attached to the thing, not letting it out of her sight.”

“Now,” Duela said with a grin, “I’m going to count to 10 and then you’ll feel completely ready to do whatever I tell you, with full conviction and loyalty. 1... 2...”

“N... no.” Vicki could feel her limbs giving out as Duela counted. Her consciousness was sliding to the back of her mind.

“5... 6...”

With her limbs feeling as fluent as water, Vicki’s sense of her body seemed to be fading out. A clear space in her mind made room for Duela’s instructions alone. No more protests would come from her lips ever again.

“10. Good. Now, Vicki. You feel a blank space in your mind. This space is where your mind is open to suggestion and willing to be completely submissive. You must allow this space to take over your entire being, your way of thought.”

Vicki did as she was told instantly. The blank space in her mind moved out, becoming her body, mind and soul.

Duela knew that she had Vicki where she wanted her. “You have one purpose in this life and one purpose only,” Duela continued, moving her hands to Vicki’s ropes and untying them, freeing the captive. “That is to serve The Joker. Now, this blank space, empty of spoken words and unnecessary banter- you must assume it in your personality. You no longer have any need to say anything. You have no need to vocalize speech. You are The Joker’s mime and the only purpose you serve is to be seen and not heard. Is that understood?”

Vicki nodded obediently.

“Good. Now, stand up.”

Vicki stood up immediately.

“It’s time to give you a new life. Let’s get you dressed.”

Duela took Vicki’s hand and led her to one of the nearby shopping bags.

“Now, get undressed,” Duela instructed Vicki.

Vicki immediately did what she was told. Throwing off her articles of clothing onto the ground, Vicki exposed herself to Duela. Duela was pretty impressed with Vicki’s body. She had a softness and looked healthy, more on the doll girl side than an athlete like Duela. Her blonde hair was already falling over her perked breasts and it didn’t take much to see how much Vicki was enjoying her predicament in her mindless state. For a petite woman, Vicki was well shaped in her hips and breasts, and her lingerie was a nice purple tone that fit perfectly for a Joker girl.

“Here, put this on,” Duela insisted as she handed Vicki a black and white shirt.

Vicki obeyed immediately. She threw the shirt on and pulled it down over her flat stomach.

“Don’t forget these,” Duela said as she handed the blonde a black skirt with red suspenders.

Vicki put on the skirt. They were a perfect stretching fit. The suspenders fit directly over the woman’s nipples and outlined her shape quite well. The skirt did a good job in showcasing her legs. After being fitted in a nice pair of black and white striped socks with black high heels, Duela couldn’t help but notice what a perfect mime Vicki made. She knew the boss would be proud when he saw her.

“Now let’s do something about that hair,” Duela said, running her hands through Vicki’s golden locks. “You’re not going to need that much color anymore when I’m through with you. I know!” Duela reached into her shopping bag and grabbed some black dye. Then, she grabbed Vicki’s hand and looked around before she found the door to the kitchen. Pulling Vicki behind her, she led the woman to the kitchen sink and started to run the water. Duela put Vicki’s hair in the sink and let the water run over it as she opened the container for the black dye. She let the dye run all over Vicki’s hair, meshing with it, making sure she covered each of her tresses in the bold black. In a matter of minutes, Vicki’s hair was completely dark, no sign of blonde left.

“Now that’s more like it,” Duela said before dragging Vicki back into the living room.

Vicki now stood in a nice, stereotypically French ensemble of a black skirt with red suspenders over a striped black and white shirt. The striped black and white socks tugged at her legs as the black shoes fit perfectly on the new mime persona that Duela was building for Vicki.

“We need to do your makeup, girlfriend,” Duela said with a little giggle as she reached into the bag and pulled out greasepaint. In her hands was a container of clown white. Duela undid the top and dipped her right hand into it. She went about applying it onto Vicki’s face, smoothing it out over her cheeks, her forehead, and chin. Before long, an entire blanket of white was covering Vicki’s beautiful visage. Duela took perfect attention to Vicki’s neck and ears, making sure that she immersed the skin of her entire face under the greasepaint before powdering it. With the white set in well, Duela reached for some red lipstick in her pocket and covered Vicki’s lips. Almost instinctively, Vicki pressed her lips together to smooth the lipstick out.

Duela smirked. “That’s a good mime.”

To give Vicki a set of rosy cheeks, Duela moved the lipstick on each side of the woman’s face in a circular shape. Before long, Vicki’s cheeks were covered with nice, red discs that made her beautiful lips stand out even more. Finally, she got some black greasepaint and smeared it over her eyelids, giving the woman more volume and depth. Still, she thought, there was so much she could do to add some design for the face. A lightbulb went off in Duela’s head. She grabbed some black greasepaint and painted some tears at the corner of Vicki’s eyes. The look was absolutely stunning on Vicki, and a good design- subtle, but amply pleasing for her made over face. After making sure her face was complete, Duela added a set of extended, curled eyelashes onto the mime’s eyelids.

Duela stood back to study Vicki like a painter studying her canvas. “Hm... needs something.” Duela reached into the bag and pulled out a little black beret, fitting it onto Vicki’s head. After a little tugging, the beret fit on the mime’s black hair perfectly. “Ta da!”

Vicki looked down at her hands, studying her white gloves before turning her hands around. She had an ecstatic look on her face, obviously intrigued with the new personality she had been given. As if testing out her new persona, Vicki started to move her hands against the air like she was polishing an invisible mirror.

“I love it,” Duela thought. “But something is missing. I know!” Duela reached up to Vicki’s breasts and under the suspenders to rip across the front of her shirt. Repositioning the suspenders a bit, she allowed the nipples to show, exposing them freely. “You’re so perfect now,” Duela said with a smile before moving a hand through Vicki’s hair. She was proud of her creation.

“Great job, Duela!” Joker shouted as he entered the room from Vicki’s bedroom.

Duela turned to smile at the Joker and Harley as they came bearing gifts, bags of stolen jewelry, cash, and clothes. Duela could tell that Joker was instantly pleased with the mime standing in the center of the room. Joker's eyes paid extra attention to her breasts.

"Hope you don't mind if we borrow a few things, Vicki," Joker said to the mime standing before him.

"Permanently," Harley said.

Vicki shook her head humbly, her movements insisting that they take more stuff. There was no doubt about it- she wanted to be robbed. Vicki pointed to all different corners of the room, towards her vases and entertainment center, before getting on her knees with pantomimed pleading. Her arms were outstretched towards the Joker before clasping together in begging fashion.

"No. I feel this is all we need for now," Joker said politely. "Besides, I didn't hire enough goons to ransack your place. I just wanted to see you put in your place as my new mime girl. Ha ha ha! Ms. Mime- the perfect name for you! Why don't you give us a show, Ms. Mime?"

The newly crowned Ms. Mime quickly did as she was told. Fully decked out in her mime outfit, she pretended to be pulling on an imaginary rope to the point of mock exhaustion. She pantomimed the movements of scaling a wall, of rowing a boat, and swimming through water. The woman even pretended to gargle water before drinking it, play tennis, and juggle illusionary balls.

Her three clown friends laughed and clapped wildly in amusement.

"Amazing!" Harley exclaimed.

"I liked Vicki before," Joker said, "but I do like this Ms. Mime way better."

Ms. Mime bowed at the end of her performance as the clowns clapped.

"Such a great job. Okay, Ms. Mime- this is what you'll do for your grand finale. We'll call the police and tell them what a great performance you're giving here. Then, we'll skedaddle and you can tell them all about the fun we had- whoops! That's right- you can't talk! Hahahahaha!"

Duela grinned. "I'll call the cops," she said as she stood up and walked towards the phone.

"Yes. Then we'll leave Ms. Mime to enjoy the rest of her evening while we enjoy ours."

Joker walked up to Ms. Mime and studied her face and costume. Duela had really done

a good job. She was proving to be well cut out for this villainy stuff, and Joker could hardly wait to try out some other crime ideas with her. He was also very pleased with the woman's brainstorming skills. Duella had set up this fun crime, and although he sometimes stole Harley's ideas, he could already see Duella's value as a thinking member of the team. Then again, Batgirl had always been smart, and it would only serve Joker well to keep her close.

"I called the police, Joker," Duella said as she hung up and walked towards the clown prince. "Let them know about all the fun we're having here. They hung up in a hurry as soon as I mentioned your name."

"That means they'll be here any minute." Joker grinned. "We better leave Mimesy to entertain them." The Joker kissed Miss Mime on the forehead as the woman mindlessly waved goodbye in her mime limitations. "Okay, Mimey babe! You distract the mean ol' cops for me, will you?"

Ms. Mime's face grew sad, waving frantically in the air as her mouth remained mute.

Joker looked at his new mime with compassion before hugging her. "Don't be too sad. We'll check up some other time."

Ms. Mime could only mute her protests, mocking tears that would not fall, her face caught in clownish motions. Her hands begged and pleaded as she watched Joker, Harley and Duella exit the room. Joker laughed heartily, pleased with what had transpired that evening. His mind ran through the itinerary list of what would be next for that evening. He would get the ladies back to the costume shop, have a little fun, and then escort Duella back home and get her ready for bed. In the morning, she would resume her life as Barbara. Why not toy with her a little more before her full conversion, Joker thought. Yes, this was perfect, a chance in a lifetime, and soon Duella would be a full time moll in his service, standing in as the best fake daughter he could ever ask for.

To Be Continued

Duela Dent Part 4
Duela Does Clowning
Commission

When Barbara Gordon awoke that morning, she felt like her mind was a train wreck. She hadn't felt this way since her days at college, waking up from so many drunken nights with a hangover. She was happy to realize that the feeling was temporary, for after a few minutes of keeping her eyes closed, she could feel the pain slowly going away. Her hands pushed her pillow out the way as she arched her back and smacked her lips, slowly rolling out of bed. She did a long stretch with a yawn before reaching down to touch her toes, raising back up to twist her sides. She could already tell a long day was ahead of her.

Barbara rose her hand to her cheek and felt strange as her forefingers rubbed against the flesh. There was something covering it- something soft and creamy to the touch. Barbara lifted up her hand and held it in front of her eyes. On the forefingers was a pinkish tint of makeup.

"Last night," Barbara said as she stared at the makeup. She could clearly remember putting the makeup on. After that, everything else was a blur. She could remember going to the store, buying all sorts of clownish items from greasepaint and makeup to clothes. She remembered sitting down, looking at the stuff, and putting it on. Yesterday, she had been wearing a bunch of clown clothes. Now, she was just naked with her clown face still on. Had she passed out? Barbara lifted her head a little and looked down on her pillow. There was a small mess of white and red makeup with what seemed to be baby powder. "How did this get on me?" The makeup was way too much, and so out of the ordinary that Barbara could never imagine wearing something like that. She just had to see it. The woman walked to the mirror to get a better look.

The woman's face went into shock immediately as she stared into the glass and saw a clown's face staring back at her. It was her face alright- a strangely beautiful visage of white with violet eyelids, rosy cheeks and red lips. Her hair was still as red and beautiful as ever, but its length had been shortened. Now, she had a more emo look to her, her hair cut in a way she had seen younger women wear their hair. Although it surprised her, she couldn't be too angry at the hair. It was quite beautiful. Still, the face really scared her, along with the lack of memory. Nothing for the life of her could spark any idea as to how she got into this strange, miraculously weird predicament as a clown girl.

The headache she had did make her think that maybe she had made a drunken bet at a bar or a club. None of that made sense, though. She wouldn't have gone out in such a ridiculous clown get up. She must have just been tired from all the shopping and makeup work. She was a bit confused as to where her costume must have gone and why she had gone to sleep naked like that. Barbara wished that instead of dressing up like a clown, she would have, just like any night, spent the twilight hours hunting down villains and stopping crimes. She

couldn't remember what had happened, frustration picking at her like a sore rash. How could she have nonchalantly slept the night away? Hadn't Batman gone out of town for a while? She would have never given Gotham a chance to slip while he was gone on her watch. This was so strange.

Batgirl was trying not to feed any credibility into the worst case scenario. Any sort of clown related mystery automatically had the possibility of Joker and Harley's involvement written all over it. Had she somehow been tricked or misled into her comic role? Although it seemed highly likely that she had been dressed by the clown duo as a joke, it would make no sense as to why she would be found safe and sound in her own room, unless the entire place was a hallucination. Was it? Batgirl pinched herself and was satisfied to believe that reality had not shifted. She was indeed in her room, standing naked with nothing but a clown face that she kept touching repeatedly. She had to admit, it was really cute on her- her shiny blue eyes stared back from a face of greasepaint. She didn't look like a ridiculous circus clown or, even worse, some tacky birthday clown. Barbara's clown character had a touch of pizzazz to her, class and glamour.

Barbara placed her hands on her hips as she looked up and down at her reflection in the mirror. There she stood with her clown face on, stark naked with her breasts perky and body toned. She gave a few turns, studied her hair a little as it sometimes wandered near her eyes. It was a cute look, very nice, and she would keep the hair, but even such a creative face would have to go.

"It's a work day," Barbara jokingly reasoned with a smile. Giving the reflection a final look, the girl walked into the shower.

Thinking about what clothes she would wear when she came out of the shower, Barbara turned on the showerhead. And what happened to the clown clothes she was wearing? Maybe they would be hanging up in the closet. She could donate the clothes to a charity; she didn't really need them for anything. It would probably be a good cause, giving away a costume for someone that needed it and didn't think of the Joker every time they looked at it. Barbara didn't know why on earth she had gotten such a strange guise, but she was going to get rid of each article of clothing.

The woman held her hand up to the water to test the heat of it as it ran out of the showerhead. Feeling satisfied, she stepped in and let the water run all over her. Barbara had never had to wash greasepaint off of her face, but she was soon surprised to feel how thick and stubborn the stuff really was. She was already watching a lot of mix and rush in the water, leaking onto other parts on her skin from her neck to her hands, but for the most part it felt like most of it wasn't going anywhere. The soap did help a little, and she rubbed it on her face for a while to feel that maybe more of it was coming up.

After a while, she got tired of her efforts to fully clean her face and decided to handle her hair

until she could come up with a better way to take care of greasepaint. Barbara ran the shampoo through her hair, covering up the red locks and rummaging her hands through them like spiders, trying to clean it the best that she could. She didn't trust the cleanliness of her hair after going through the craziness that was her clown face; there were no doubts in her mind that greasepaint probably leaked and smeared from her early attempts to get rid of the stuff. After a few drips of the shampoo from her hair and onto her face, however, Barbara was starting to realize that the shampoo made the greasepaint feel easier to clean. She moved to her face with some gathered shampoo and moved her hands in circular motions, starting to realize that her guess was absolutely correct. The shampoo did to a better and easier job in removing the greasepaint than the mere soapbar did, and after Barbara reached up to grab her washcloth from the shower bar, she was ready to get rid of the makeup entirely. Her hands kept going for the shampoo, lathering her face and rubbing as water poured down. After each circular hand movement of shampoo clearing the greasepaint, Barbara took the washcloth and got into the little sides, nooks and crannies to clean up the remaining residue of paint. After Barbara wiped away any remaining crust from her eyes, she could look down and see the dirty paint stained bottom of the tub. Yes, she thought, it was working well.

Barbara took the time to give some care to the rest of her body. She cleaned off her neck first, realizing that there was even more greasepaint there. The shampoo did the trick again, and with more shampoo, she was able to get rid of any remaining white. A quick raise of the washcloth to her ears revealed even more makeup, and Barbara was at her shampoo again, working to clean up the extra clown white she had found on the sides. God, she thought, would this ever be over? She wasn't sure what had exactly given her or whoever did this to her the idea of wearing a clown face, but Barbara hoped she would never have the displeasure of wearing one again. Cleaning the stuff was a pure nightmare.

Barbara washed up and down her breasts, cleaning them off the stains that had run down from the water. After lathering her washcloth with more soap, washing the rest of her body was a pure breeze- the arms, the legs, her torso and back were all washed at a normal speed. She couldn't see any more staining from the greasepaint and all that was left was to make sure that she was clean.

After she had finished washing around her crotch, her feet, and her backside, Barbara was done again. She let herself soak and drip under the showerhead for a few more minutes as she regained her thoughts. There were a few things on the agenda for that day though not too much. The first thing was to go to work after dressing up and having a small breakfast. After that, she would go home, talk on the phone with daddy, and then get all dressed up for the night. Gotham would be patrolled again, and hopefully Batgirl would remember going to sleep at the end of the night. It all sounded simple when she went over the itinerary in her head, but life for Barbara Gordon was never as simple as it seemed to be.

Barbara turned off the water faucet. She was dripping. The woman licked her lips, glad to taste no red makeup on it as she stepped out of the shower and onto the bathroom rug.

Grabbing a towel, she dried off a bit before opening the bathroom door and stepping out, drying off again. With a relaxing shy, Barbara battered her eyelashes before dropping her towel. She reached her hands up to her eyelashes and found herself pulling off fake extensions. It was just as she expected it; no wonder her eyes looked different when she looked in the mirror this morning. Oh well- it was time to start her day. She would go mad if she gave the weird clown stuff another thought.

Barbara opened her closet door to get the clown costume. Gone. She didn't see any trace of her clown clothes from the costume shop anywhere. There was nothing on the hangers or on the floor and top rack of the closet. Just to make sure, Barbara walked over to her dresser and checked each drawer. Nothing. None of the clown clothes were there. That's funny, Barbara thought. No one had taken them out- they couldn't have. Barbara didn't remember if she had left the place that night, and with her clown face on like that, she doubted that she had. Was it possibly that she had really gotten rid of the clown clothes during the night? It was a mystery that was taking too much of her time and Barbara was starting to feel like she didn't have any time to spare. Barbara decided to start getting dressed for work. She slipped on some black lingerie and a nice, business casual black dress with matching top and flat shoes. There, she thought- something plain, ordinary and dull in comparison to what she had remembered herself wearing last night. Barbara had to give herself some respect- even in the most drab clothes, she felt like her physical beauty shone through. She was well dressed, nicely put together and professional looking. Just like any other day at the office, she was sure that she would wow some of the patrons with her peppy attitude, cool demeanor and flashing beauty.

Batgirl's breakfast was simple enough to take out of the door without a second's hesitation. Simply put, it was a bagel with some cream cheese, something she only ate when she was in a rush. Looking at the clock made her a little nervous, since cleaning off the greasepaint had been very time consuming. After spraying a small amount of perfume, which provided enough of the scent she needed, Barbara was out of the door. Walking through the downtown area, she didn't have enough time to admire the sights of Gotham City as she usually did on her work mornings. Instead, she did a quick walking trot in her flat shoes, glad that she decided not to wear heels today.

It didn't take too long for Barbara to come to the Gotham Public Library. Stepping in, she looked around and saw that the place was buzzing with patrons. She reasoned it to the sunny atmosphere of the day- libraries were most inviting when the day was nice. After fixing her suit's collar a bit, she walked down the aisles and towards the checkout desk with a big smile. A woman she knew well, Ethel, was handling the desk this morning, and already in the middle of checking someone's books out. Ethel was thirty years senior to Batgirl, yet still as sharp as a whip mentally and always professional. Barbara respected the woman more than anyone else she could think of.

Sliding by the desk, Barbara placed her hand on the table top with a smile and pointed behind her. "Okay, sister. I got you covered."

Ethel had just finished marking the book out as the patron walked off. Looking up, Ethel looked at Barbara with an astonished gaze before smiling back. "Well! Aren't we in a happy mood today!"

Barbara shrugged. "Well, aren't I always."

"Well, yes, to an extent, you're always cordial and nice, Barbara, but... I swear, yesterday, everyone thought you were even more cheery than usual. Today, it looks like you might outdo yourself again!" The woman looked back and forth with caution, making sure no one was around before she leaned in towards Barbara. "Did you get an exciting new man in your life?"

Barbara jumped a bit, her smile still plastered on her face. "Me? Oh, heavens, no. No way. There's no new man in the mix for me. I'm still single, Ethel."

"Well, isn't that a shame! Well, there must be something that's making you happy. Oh well! Look at me trying to pry and get into your business. The checkout desk is yours now. I know I have to help reference." The woman looked around again, as if she were about to deliver a big secret. Leaning in to Barbara, she said, "Let me tell you something else deary. That hair style you have now is so... alternative. I like it."

"Why thank you!" Barbara said, trying to hide her embarrassment. She had almost forgot about the hair alteration. Little had she thought about how others would take it.

"It's beautiful, dear. Becoming of you. Sometimes I'm afraid you'll end up an old fuddy duddy librarian like me. These last two days give me more hope for you, yet. And when you're ready to tell me who Mr. Right is, I'll be here." Ethel winked before turning from the desk.

"What if I'm hiding a Mr. Right Now?"

"Ha ha!" Ethel laughed merrily, holding her sides. "God, whoever the man is in your life now must be funny! Obviously, he's rubbing off on you. Well, I swear I won't take anymore of your time." The older woman started to walk in the direction of the reference desk.

"Bye, Ethel!" Barbara said as she got comfortable in her seat and adjusted some of the items of the desk, organizing supplies for any patrons that would need them.

Barbara was having a good day. She had nearly forgotten about her strange wake up fiasco. People were entering the library with books to check back in and new books to check out. Some of them were asking for phone books, erasers, and pens just like Barbara had always prepared for, but others just came to talk. Barbara liked her job, but the library was truly a peculiar place. There were moments where you could meet strange people. At times, she

would call security, but often, no one ever gave that much of a start. There was just a mix of eccentric and ordinary patrons using the book service.

Ethel's observations were undoubtedly shared with a lot of people encountering Barbara throughout her day. Many had commented on how beautiful her hair was, how chic and up to date it seemed in comparison to the Barbara they usually knew. Today, she was telling so many jokes, and she hadn't noticed at first. The more she saw people around her laughing and telling her how funny she was, however, the more Barbara realized that she was being funnier than usual. The humor streak did surprise her- although Barbara was a lover of books and, as her dad had often called her playfully, a computer whiz, Barbara had never fancied herself to be a comedienne. Yet, here she was, having a joke or two for every patron that came to see her, and she couldn't help smiling. What could she say? Barbara had always loved her job, but maybe she was just noticing it more at the moment.

A few hours later, a young woman by the name of Tess came to relieve Barbara from her position at the checkout desk. Tess was fresh out of library school but an efficient worker. She was cute though a bit dorky. Barbara had gotten along with her since she came.

"Hey Tess- catch!" Duela shouted as Tess jumped and stopped in her tracks. Barbara threw a huge encyclopedia at Tess, making the young woman react quickly and catch it. Duela laughed wildly as Tess breathed a huge sigh of relief after a worried gasp.

"Boy," Tess said as she looked at Barbara with wary eyes, approaching the desk carefully. "Looks like you're in a good mood today."

"Do I?" Barbara grinned wide as she stood from her chair. "What can I say? I just keep going and going and going and going and-"

"Ethel said you were really happy today? She thinks you found a man." Tess giggled.

"Hahaha. Well, you know what they say about old ladies and assumptions- better they stick to daytime dramas than have to create their *own* stories."

Tess looked at Barbara in shock. She couldn't even catch anything humorous from what Barbara just said, and from the sound of it, it sounded so mean. Sure, she was used to hearing Ethel or any of the other library people say weird and mean things from time to time... but this was *Barbara*. She was the good one, the just one that cared for everyone and never said anything negative about anyone. Suddenly, that interpretation of Barbara Gordon was being challenged. Even with Barbara's grin and playful attitude, Tess couldn't help but feel like Barbara's sudden change wasn't for the best.

"Well?" Barbara said. "Where's the ha ha ha?"

"I'll cover you at the checkout desk, Barbara. It's your lunch break."

"My lunch break, eh?" Barbara looked at the clock. "Well, looky there. It sure is my lunch break, isn't it? Excuse me." Barbara got up and walked towards the break room in the back, not noticing the worried Tess looking at her from behind.

When Barbara walked into the break room, it was just as she expected. A few of the older staff members were in the room, smoking and eating away a bunch of gluttonous sandwiches and dishes that made the athletic woman cringe with disgust. Didn't any of them realize how nasty they were. Usually, she would just ignore the scene, but why not have a few laughs?

"I see this place is still the diabetic lounge for future cancer patients. Ha ha ha!!" Duella laughed wildly as the other staff members looked at her in shock, some suddenly feeling anger creep through them. None of them had ever heard Barbara say something like that. No one had anything to say in response either.

A radio was playing at the far end of the room. Some of the staff members were listening to it. Barbara could tell from the announcer's dry tone that they listening to the news.

"So what messed up stuff is going on in Gotham today, huh?" Barbara walked towards the radio. "Rape, murder, weird schizophrenic criminals- the usual!" Barbara grinned as she walked behind her fellow co workers and listened.

"And in other news today," the news announcer continued, "The Joker strikes again. We've seen one of his gal pals, Harley Quinn, many times, but is it possible that he's gained another?"

Barbara listened more carefully. Her heart beat throbbed. This was important.

"Joker was seen with not only Harley Quinn, but the lesser known Duella Dent on a security cam recording a home invasion last night. A previous victim of The Joker, famed photojournalist Vicki Vale, was visited by the clown prince, Harley, and Duella Dent in one of the strangest recorded robberies the Gotham PD has ever seen. From Vale's security cameras, Vale can be seen being gassed, tied up, and even hypnotised."

"Hypnotised?" One of the staff members scratched his balding head. "Really?"

Barbara just listened carefully.

"Vicki Vale always started to put on clown clothing and makeup with the assistant of her... "hypnotist"... Duella Dent, probably under the orders of her ringleader The Joker himself. The entire ordeal seemed to have lead to Vicki Vale's insanity when police arrived. The woman

was reported as being, and I quote, 'inaudible, mute, making hand motions and pantomimed actions'. Police are keeping the videos confidential to protect Vicki Vale's privacy and for investigative purposes. For now, this case is a mystery. Police are requesting that any professional hypnotherapists and psychologists that can help with this case can call them at the Gotham PD's main Headquarters, 555-"

Barbara started to walk away. The story was so strange and bizarre. Joker had struck last night! He even had a new accomplish. Where was Batgirl? Would Batgirl have been able to stop all of that? The whole thought made Barbara very uncomfortable. She didn't like thinking that her lack of participation in crime fighting was allowing bad things to happen in Gotham. Maybe she really needed to piece the puzzle of what happened last night. What was everything such a blur? What did she wake up naked? If only she could figure things out, make sense of what was going on.

"Ouch!" someone shouted from one of the reading areas near the staff lounge.

Barbara walked towards the reading area to see a library patron picking out tacks from her backside. Apparently, she had sat on them, as tacks were all over the seat she had chosen. Barbara laughed instantly, knowing full well that she had placed them there before she entered the lounge.

The woman turned to the laughing Barbara, her eyes widening with rage. "You... you're one of the librarians here! Why are you laughing at me? Oh my God... was it you that put these things in my seat?"

Barbara laughed even louder.

"Oh... my... argh!!! I'm never coming to this library again!" The woman raised her nose in the air and started to walk out of the library.

Barbara watched the woman with a grin before turning around and accidentally bumping into the balding man from the staff lounge. Apparently, he had seen the whole thing. He was looking at Barbara with worried yet sympathetic eyes, as if he was watching the woman at the throes of a psychological breakdown.

"What's the matter, Grandpa?" Barbara placed her hands on her hips. "You never heard of staying on the edge of your seat? Ha ha ha ha!"

The man shook his head. "Barbara... you're acting very strange today."

Barbara sneered. "Are you from the binding department? Yeah, that's right, in the very, very back where no one pays attention to you. Guess the only thing keeping you attention back there is ol' dusty up here." Barbara wiped the top of the man's bald head before laughing.

“Barbara, this doesn’t make sense.” The man sighed. “You’re usually so nice to people.”

“Calm down, baldy! I’m only having a little fun! Don’t cry, you’ll wet up my nice suit.” Barbara grinned as she walked away, leaving the man standing with a sorrowful look.

The rest of the day had moved a little smoothly, but Barbara was still acting up. At one moment, she had ordered a pie from a nearby bakery and slammed it into Tess’s face. Tess cried and went to take her lunch. Another woman on the job became the victim of an involuntary panties wedgie. The worse was when Barbara had gotten some floss and made a handicapped patron trip in the middle of a few aisles.

The clock had hardly reached 3 before Barbara got a tap on her shoulder. She turned around to see Ethel.

“Oh, great!” Barbara said before giggling. “Another episode of my favorite show, Desperate... desperate.... really, really super desperate housewives... that aren’t hot.”

Ethel frowned. “Barbara, I think it’s time that you go.”

Barbara shrugged. “A second lunch break? Wow, what luck I’m having today!”

“No, Barbara. I mean that you’re going home for the day. The rest of the day. The entirety of it.”

“Hmm... and I assume I should come back tomorrow before noon, yes?”

“We’ll call you if you’re needed tomorrow. Just... get some rest.”

Barbara crumbled up a paper and threw it in Ethel’s face, laughing.

Ethel leaned in with concern. “God, Barbara... what’s wrong with you? Have you gone mad?”

“Mad? No, I’m happy!”

“I mean... insane. Have you gone crazy? You’re so different! You used to be so helpful, loving, but now... you’re treating everyone like your own joke around here!”

“Fine. Fine. I’ll go where my jokes are appreciated.” Barbara stood up and dusted off her jacket before starting to walk away.

"No, Barbara," Ethel called behind her. "We're just concerned about you, that's all! You've worked so hard at this job. We don't want a strange day to ruin it for you!"

Barbara would hear no more of it. She headed for the door, walking out and ready to get into some real fun.

*

As she checked some inventory, Harley looked up to see the woman that had entered the store. She instantly recognized that her Barbara had arrived, obviously still under Joker's suggestion. Subconsciously, he had planted the mandatory note that Barbara should come back to the store after she left work and let her new personality "show" just a little. Harley wondered why the woman had come so early since she expected her after 6. She probably got kicked out for causing a ruckus, Harley thought. Inside, Harley was laughing at the possibility of Barbara creating mischief at her workplace but she had to hide it here. She couldn't dare ruin her somber goth girl disguise.

Barbara didn't remember that the goth woman at the desk was secretly Harley Quinn in disguise. In fact, she couldn't if she wanted to. The Joker had brainwashed her into forgetting everything up until when she put on her makeup the previous day. That meant Joker & Harley's visit, the night on the town, Vicki's place, and the nightcap afterwards would all be forgotten completely.

"You again," the goth lady said as she looked up from the register to greet Barbara. "Did you enjoy the clown costume we gave you yesterday?"

"From my memory, I did," Barbara said as she looked at the cashier. "I just don't know what happened to it. It disappeared somehow."

Of course it did. Harley laughed inside of her mind. She knew that Joker had completely left Barbara stripped after the three of them had had their little fun, dropping her back off at her place. The costume had been put up for another time, somewhere in the back of the store where no customer could see it. Instead of the clothing she wore yesterday, Joker had mentally influenced the Batgirl to wear something else.

"That's a pity," the goth girl responded. "Shall we go back to the clown section and get a replacement? We have so many costumes. It's on the house, by the way."

Barbara shook her head. "Oh no... I feel so bad for taking advantage of your hospitality. I should pay."

"Oh, no. You've paid enough. The only extra payment I need from you is a smile on your face."

"You're too kind," Barbara said.

The goth girl ushered Barbara towards the clown costumes and accessories. Barbara remembered the section but it seemed like they had traded out some of their inventory. The more she looked at the rows of shelves and hanging costumes, however, the more she realized that most of it had been traded out. There were many new things she was seeing that she hadn't seen before, and all of it was very attractive to her. Still, for some reason, Barbara felt like there was already a setlist embedded in the short term memory of her brain.

"Do you see anything that interests you?" the goth girl asked.

"Hmm... well." Barbara looked around the rack of costumes. Even with the great assortment of stuff- one stood out to her more than the others. It was a green and purple one piece with a black and red skirt. The piece was so beautiful to her! Instantly, a part of her mind thought of Joker and Harley with those colors, but instead of feeling the repulsion associated with such characters, she felt a fondness. Something strong spun in her heart.

"Ah." The goth girl smiled. "So you like the one piece with the shirt, eh? It's a pretty cute ensemble. I think you would need those to match with it, though."

The goth girl pointed to where Barbara was looking next. Barbara was amazed with how the goth girl was on the same page with her. She was looking at the tights, too. They would go well with the one piece- they were striped with black and purple lines all around them. Hanging nearby the tights were some black and green gloves. Underneath the gloves were a pair of green and purple ballet shoes.

"Wow," Barbara said out loud as she looked at the collection. "Perfect!"

The goth woman smiled. "Would you like to try them on?"

"Yes. Where's your dressing room, please?"

"Ha! Silly woman. You don't need a dressing room."

"No?"

"Of course, not. I'll dress you here."

If Barbara had been in her old thinking state, she would have not found the woman's suggestion that wise. For some reason, now, it appealed to her. She didn't know if she was becoming more of an exhibitionist or if she was just changing so much she could hardly keep up with herself. Somehow, dressing in front of this cashier who was just as close as a distant

stranger didn't seem that far fetched of an idea to her. "Well, certainly, let's do it then."

"Good." The cashier started to pull the costume parts down. "Get undressed, please, madam."

Barbara kicked off her shoes before dropping her dress on the ground. She pulled her coat jacket off and undershirt, throwing them to the floor. As she stood in her black lingerie, she looked at the goth girl patiently.

The goth girl blinked. "I'm waiting."

"Um." Barbara looked at her lingerie. "Oh. I thought I could just dress up in this."

"You won't be a proper clown if you're still wearing your *regular* clothes under your clown clothes. Why, that's just not a full change at all."

"You're saying I should be naked under all of that costuming?"

"Yes. Or else, how will you be able to feel the pleasure of being a full and realized clown?"

"I... guess that makes sense."

"Full and perfect sense. Now, turn around."

After Barbara turned around, the woman unhooked Barbara's bra and tossed it to the floor. From there, she was able to reach down to Barbara's panties and pull them down to the ground. Barbara stepped out of the panties obediently.

"There. That's a good customer." The woman handed Barbara her tights. "Here. This first."

Barbara slipped on the tights. Wow, they were really tight-fitting. Barbara was immediately embarrassed as she felt a case of camel toe. She pulled on the tights against to make them flatten out and stretch well. After a few movement, Barbara had been successful.

"That feels really good," Barbara said with a grin as she looked at her tights.

"It should. We only sell the best costuming products." The goth girl pulled the shirt over Barbara's head and buttoned it up. After making sure it fit well, she slipped the one piece on Barbara. "Got to make sure our new star client looks great for her night on the town."

Barbara laughed. "Excuse me?"

"Night on the town. Special man in your life, eh?"

"Well, I don't think so. But everyone keeps thinking that I do."

"The truth can be written all over a woman's face... even if she doesn't know the truth."

"How?"

"All in a little smile." The goth woman grinned as she finished slipping the gloves on Barbara's hands. "Now the shoes. Here you go."

After being handed the shoes, Barbara slipped the shoes on her feet herself. They fit well, and the goth woman brought the woman over to a mirror so that she could study her own figure. As soon as Barbara saw herself, she was exhilarated. Wow, she thought, how gorgeous do I look? She had never thought that she could look so good. It was just amazing to her, seeing herself in that suit. She turned a few times, held up her tush, pulled at her jacket and admired her legs. It was really such a treat.

"Should we ring this all up?" Barbara asked the cashier.

"Now, I've told you before, you're not buying anything. This is all free, on the house, from the owner. Now, let's get your face painted. A clown just isn't a clown with a dry face." The goth woman started to walk off. "You just wait here patiently."

Barbara listened obediently. She stood in front of the mirror, looking at herself and admiring her form, her figure and face. She was so beautiful. She could hardly believe it. She had liked the clown costume before, but this one was way better, more impressive.

The goth girl appeared from behind Barbara, placing a bag on the ground. It was filled with greasepaints. Reaching out to pull out a canister of clown white, the goth girl dipped her fingers in and grinned. "Now you just close your eyes. I'm a pro at this."

Barbara did as she was closed. Closing her eyes, she felt the woman move the cool cream across her face. She could tell that the goth woman was working face, smoothing out the cream all over her face, neck and ears to the best of her ability. Barbara felt like the woman had better control than Barbara had her first time. Of course she did- this woman worked in a store of costumes and probably made herself up all the time. Barbara was lucky to be escorted by someone like this into the unavoidable world of clowning.

It seemed like the minutes had hardly passed before the goth woman was powdering her face. It was fitting so well, making her feel like a true professional clown. After the powder had all been done, Barbara could feel the woman applying lipstick on her lips before rubbing some

more greasepaint on her cheeks and then on her eyelids. She also felt the woman applying some eyelashes over her eyes and darkening the edges of her eyes and lashes with a black mascara tip. After the entire face was done, Barbara felt the woman slip something over her head, stuffing all of her hair inside of whatever the thing was.

“Okay,” the goth woman said in a cheeriness that seemed to portray her somber dress style. “Take a look.”

When Barbara opened her eyes, she gasped. There she was, standing with her full clown garb and looking at someone she hardly recognized in the mirror. It was amazing! She had gone through the transition into a fully madeover clown. Barbara had a small pink nose, red lips, blue eyeshadow, three colored balloons on one cheek and a heart on the other. There was also a big purple star painted on the top of her right eye. On her head was a nice fitting green bop of a wig. It was amazing! She didn’t know what to say.

“Thank you.” Those were the words that came from Barbara’s mouth, the only ones that could be vocalized, and she meant it from the bottom of her heart.

“Something else we can do... is this.” The woman temporarily slipped Barbara’s gloves and shoes off. In a few minutes, she was able to paint all of Barbara’s nails green and purple. “There, isn’t that cute?” The woman slipped Barbara’s shoes and gloves back on.

“Thank you. Thank you so much.”

“No problem, babe. But we’re not done with you yet.” The goth girl grabbed the woman’s hand as she walked her back to the clown aisle. “We started you out with just a little ha. After your makeover, you had the ha ha. But now, you need the ha *ha* ha.”

Barbara raised a brow. “The ha... ha ha?”

“Exactly.” The goth woman wrapped an arm around Barbara’s as she motioned towards some clown props. “All the world loves a clown... and anyone in the world knows that a real clown needs props, gags, gizmos... or else the clown isn’t a *real* clown.”

Barbara was so astonished. “Wow... how do you know all this stuff!”

“Secrets, secrets, secrets. We all share them.” The woman let Barbara loose to explore. “Take a gander.”

Barbara walked up to the props and studied them. Hmm, she thought. There were so many and they all looked so great. Barbara picked up a few and studied them. Still, she felt there was a whole list hanging in her head. Soon, she would have the right things that she would need.

Something rolled off the shelf and near Barbara's foot. She stepped on the item and it honked. Barbara reached down and picked it up, looking at it.

"What have you got there?" the goth woman asked, her devious grin hidden behind Barbara's back.

"Hmm... looks like a clown horn." Barbara started to honk it in delight.

The goth woman licked her lips at the sound of the clown horn. "Oh, I just love that sound."

Barbara continued to honk it. The sound of it made her feel... funny. "Yeah. For some reason I like it, too."

"I knew it'd have that effect on you."

"And look at this... a flower! Wow, it's so big."

"It can squirt water... and other things, if someone wanted to use it for something else."

"So funny. Like a classical clown." Barbara stuffed the horn in her tights and attached the flower to her coat, hiding its bulb underneath her one piece's front pocket. "Wait'll they get a load of me!"

"And they will."

Barbara grabbed a rubber chicken and also stuffed it in her tights. She liked it a great deal. There was also a big clown purse filled with some balls and pins for juggling, which she put on immediately. There was a big ball that she played with for a while, trying to balance herself on it while the goth woman clapped for her, egging her on. After playing with the ball for ten minutes or so, Barbara found a tricycle and rode it for a little while, riding around the store before coming back to the goth woman.

"What a lot of great stuff you got!" The goth woman smiled. "You'll need help getting all of that to the car."

"You're so kind," Barbara responded.

Barbara looked at the clock on the wall. She was amazed to see that it was 9 o'clock. So much time had passed. A part of her was telling her that she needed to dress up as Batgirl, go and patrol the city, and get out of the costume shop. Another side of her thought of how ridiculous that was. She liked being a clown now. It felt way better and she could do it forever.

"Let's do one final thing before your date," the goth girl said.

"My date?"

"Yes, your date. Or have you forgotten?"

Barbara nearly protested but she decided against it. The woman had done such a good job, why not let her continue. It wasn't long before the woman had brought out some new earrings from her pocket. They were purple stars. She slipped them into Barbara's already pierced ears.

"There we go." The woman grinned. "Mission complete." She grabbed Barbara's hand. "Well, now it's closing time. We'd better go. It's time for your date."

"What date?"

"Oh, you'll see. Don't worry. I'll drive."

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The goth girl's car drove through the site of an abandoned circus. There were still tents there, stretching up to the sky with amusement park style rides old and rusted. Some old popcorn stands and different booths could be seen to.

Pulling up to what looked like the main tent, the car came to a complete stop. The goth girl got out of the vehicle and went to the other side to help her new clown friend out.

"Where did you take me?" Barbara asked as she looked around at the dark and abandoned circus. Being at such a weird place at night was starting to give her the creeps.

"I took you where you're suppose to be, Barbara."

"Wait... did I tell you my name?"

"Opps." The goth girl covered her mouth. "Never mind that. You just be ready when the boss says the magic words." The goth girl started to push Barbara along.

"The magic words?"

"Yes. The magic words. It's like hocus pocus, but way better and more effective. You'll know. Soon as the boss says them."

“Who’s your boss?”

“Your date. Now get in there!”

As the woman pushed the clown into the tent, they could both hear the boisterous and loud laugh of someone waiting for them inside.

To Be Continued

Duela Dent Part 5
Cat in the Circus
Commission

"Let's have some laughs!"

Those were the first chilling words delivered by the Joker after Barbara Gordon entered the circus tent. They were trigger words, programmed into the librarian's mind and designed to fully bring out her new identity- Duela Dent. It wasn't that she wasn't ready for the personality to take over- she was fully dressed in the clown garb that Joker had chosen for her to wear that evening. Hugging her ridiculous clown purse to her side, her eyes flashed momentarily as the brainwashing finally sunk in, preparing her to be used by the clown prince's methodical mind. In a few seconds, the hypnotised clown's face went from shock to deviant mischief, a sporting smirk slowly formed a dimple on the right side of her face.

"Duela! How delightful for you to join us!" Joker rushed to the woman's side and placed his left arm into her right, pulling her further into the abandoned big top. He kissed her cheek adoringly, excitement racing through his veins as Duela looked at him with enchanted eyes. The clown prince could tell, even under the makeup, that his brainwashed darling was blushing.

"It's more of a pleasure for me, Joker." Duela lifted her left hand to brush some of her red hair to the side. She pressed her body against Joker's side. "What have you got planned for me this evening?"

"Tonight... will be a special night, Duela. You just wait and see."

"Whatever you say, daddy. When it's time to jump, you just say how high."

Harley grinned as she walked behind Joker and Duela. How beautiful, she thought, magnificent. She had always wanted to have a family with the Joker, and the brainwashed Barbara made the perfect surrogate daughter. They had tried it a few times with Robin, but it never worked- Batman had got in the way. Batgirl, however, was a way better option. As a strong and attractive female, she proved to be way more fun to play with.

As happy as Harley was to have Barbara Gordon as the new incarnation of Duela Dent, the motley villainess had to remind herself of how territorial The Joker was. She wouldn't want him any other way, but there were dark sides of him that she really hated to cross. Yes, Joker loved to use Harley, to have her by his side in order to pull his sadistic and dark pranks on the populace of Gotham, but he could have a terrible temper if he felt like Harley was trying to play too much a part in his action. The dark clown hated to be crossed and, better yet, *outstaged*. It insulted his brilliance, his ingenious mind complicated with a trickster's strange complex. Harley knew that Duela Dent was *his* daughter, and Harley had a fear of angering him if she played too much of a motherly role without his consent. She would have to be satisfied with merely being his sidekick, his accomplish and runner girl, helping him realize his clownish goals without

interference. Maybe in the future, she could convince him that it would be funny to share the joy, to allow a perfect family scenario where Gotham could truly fear them, and then they could *truly* be together. Joker and Harley could be a real husband and wife, not just a boss with a moll girl serving as a backstage stooge. Yes, Joker would always be the crazy clown available for horrific events beyond city gatherings and birthday parties, to strike fear into the hearts of the city's denizens, and even Harley's name brought wariness to potential victims. A clan of clowns, however, would be intimidating, fierce, and outright scary.

"Keep up, Harley!" Joker sneered as he looked back, his expression boiling with a sharp annoyance. "Your awkward gait is slowing us down."

"Sorry, boss," Harley replied, not knowing how she was slowing them down. Whether she was or wasn't, she sped up nonetheless. The boss was always right.

"This is a big tent," Duela noted as the clowns finally came to a stop in the middle of the tent's dark center.

"Why, of course it is," Joker said with a grin to his new slave. "That's why they call it a big top. Big top. Get it?" Joker looked at Duela and playfully tickled her under her chin like some precious pet. "Now, let me explain something very important to you, Duela."

Duela felt like she could melt in the Joker's presence. She stared at the clown prince with adoring eyes, her skin filled with an amorous heat. "What would you need to explain to me, daddy?"

"What I'm doing to you, of course. It's this simple. Over the past two to three days, I have been preparing you for a better life. You lived your life under a false ego- one of boredom, filled with an egotistical sense of justice and morality."

"Booooo!" Harley jeered. "Hiss!"

"Putting all of that behind you, Duela, I've come to save you. To show you your true inner self, the truth. A persona of joy, happiness, humor and comedy! Duela Dent, the Joker's daughter- a chip off the old block!"

"Yay!" Harley cheered.

"Right now, we're just getting started. I'm having a little fun with you. My skills in... mind modification... have brought your true self closer to the surface. I've been experimenting with bringing you back and forth between your old life and your new one, showing you the true contrast to make sure you'll never go back to that bland life as a bat dolt you lived before."

"Bat dolt?" Duela repeated in questioning.

“Yes. Your old, evil persona. Batgirl, the do gooder. The self inflated cheerleader of heroic poppycock and nonsense, dead ideas of tragic limitations and blah blah de blah blah blah.”

Duela smiled. “Oh yes, Barbara Gordon.”

“Exactly.” Joker brushed his hands through his brainwashed clown’s hair. “As of now, that bat broad is as good as dead.”

Suddenly, overhead lights snapped on, directed to the three clowns in the center of the ring.

“Who’s operating the lights, Mistah J?” Harley asked in curiosity, trying to hide her disappointment. Did Joker hire henchmen again? Why couldn’t they enjoy their escapades alone?

“Oh, Harley... you know my hired hands Mo, Lar, and Cur.”

Harley sighed. “Oh yeah. Of course, Mr. J.”

“Why, who else would do the stage work of my grand production we’re all starring in?” Joker looked at Duela with a smile. “We’re only beginning to prepare for our first rehearsal. But we still have some work to do in order to hire new performers.”

“New... performers?” Duela asked.

“Yes, new performers. Harley, please enlighten Duela on our plans for the evening.”

“Sure, Mistah J.” Harley turned to Duela with a smile. “Duela, I’m sure you’re familiar with Selina Kyle, are not you?”

“Oh yes,” Duela said. “She’s the infamous cat burglar, mainly known under her moniker as The Catwoman.”

“Yes, exactly.” Harley giggled. “Well, I’m sure you’re well aware of how hard she works, running around at all hours of the night and wasting her time on meaningless tasks, just like you used to do. Too serious of a lady.”

“Far, far too serious,” Joker said in agreement.

“We were thinking of putting a smile on her face. We’re gonna need your help in making that a reality, Duela. To show her how happy you are and to let her know that she should submit to Mistah J’s plans without resistance... or else.”

Duela laughed. "Is that all? Playtime with a cat lady? I would love to join you in that."

"You'll enjoy it." Joker rubbed Duela's back. "I'm sure I don't have to warn you. Selina is a tough cookie. She might put up a fight, but you're good at that sort of thing. With the three of us, it shouldn't be a problem. My henchmen will prepare the circus for our big night, get everything situated and ready for when we come back. I know where to find Selina- I've stalked her for quite a while, and this is her night off. She'll be in her apartment, curled up with her precious kitties."

Harley rolled her eyes. "Ha! The freak."

"It's only right for us to save her from a life as an eccentric cat lady and show her the joys of clowning. Well! What do you say, Duela? Shall we make our way downtown?"

"As I said before, daddy... you say to jump and I'll only say how high. Let's go."

*

Feline meowing and purring filled Selena Kyle's condominium suite.

As the off duty villainess poured milk into a series of bowls near the closed glass patio door, Selena called out to her prized pets. "Come along, darlings, get your meal." The woman reached for the bag of cat food and filled their food bowls next. She was happy to see the cats rush to their meals, eating and licking away at the milk prepared for them. There were a lot of cats, perhaps 20 or even 30, many of them constantly looking up to their owner with loving eyes.

Selena felt such pride looking at the cats. A number of them had been old house pets that Selena had either won through auctions or pay for at shelters and rescue kennels. Some of them had been strays and runaways that she had found on her late nights rendezvous. Saving kittens and cats was her specialty when she was out on the prowl in Gotham, looking for homes to rob and museums filled with antiques for stealing. It bothered her that so many cats, unloved and forgotten, were forced to wander the streets and look for food in trash cans or along the sides of highways. Was that any way to treat animals?

"I want all of my darlings to be healthy and strong." Selena reached down to pet one of the cats, making it purr on contact. "You'll never know what its like to starve or suffer again. I promise you that much."

As Selina reached down to pick up one of the little kittens, she heard a knock at the door. She sneered. Wasn't it a bit late to come around, knocking on a woman's door? She wouldn't stand for it.

"Whatever you're selling, I don't want," Selena shouted at the front door's direction. She held the kitten as it purred softly against her chest, rubbing its head against her shirt. The knock sounded again. Who could it be? Was it really that important? If it was Batman, he would have just came through the patio or a window and snuck up behind her. He was the only late night visitor she usually got, and randomly at that. The spontaneity and persistence of the knocks were making her nervous. Oh well, she thought as she finally gave up and started to walk towards the door. "Okay, okay... I'm coming."

Before Selena could reach five feet in front of the door, it opened without her consent. Fear shot through her as she saw her late night guest was none other than The Joker. He was accompanied by Harley Quinn and some woman she had never seen before. Their faces wore such grotesque and discomfoting grins as their eyes rested upon Selena with gazes that disturbed her to the core.

Cats were hissing and meowing frantically, scattering to different parts of the room and hiding. Selena held the scared kitten delicately in her arms.

"Cat lady!" Joker stepped into the condominium, needing no invitation. "Mi amiga. Mi compadre. Su casa es mi casa, yes?"

"Get out!" Selena pointed with a firm and offensive index finger directed at her unwanted visitors. "Get out now!"

"Hey now! I know that its a bit... crowded in here, but I'm sure you have room for an old pal, don't you?"

"There's no room for you in my world, Joker. Now do I have to be uncouth and pull my claws out, or will there be no problems?"

Harley stepped to Joker's side and held up a jester's scepter. "There won't be any problems if you cooperate, Selena. Joker just has a business proposition he wanted to break you in on."

"Yeah!" Joker nodded. "That's exactly what this is. A business proposition."

"I work for only one person- me." Selena slowly put down her kitten.

"Not anymore," Harley said with the shake of her head. "You're going to be a part of Joker's circus, whether you want to or not."

Selena looked at the woman behind Joker and Harley wearing the clown get up. In a way, she was starting to look a bit more familiar. Could she have been the Joker's Daughter,

Duela Dent, that she had read a little about in newspapers and magazines? She was supposed to be some imitation female Joker with delusions of being related to the mass murdering psychopath. If this was her, then maybe she had been taken under The Joker's wing, just another clown motif freak working for the maniacal, hate filled harlequin of hate. If they thought Selena was going to follow the same path, Catwoman would let them know how dead wrong they were.

"If you think I'm going to be another greasepaint junkie of yours, Joker, then you've had too much smilex and it's rotting your brain."

"Ooo! Witty!" Joker looked at Harley and grinned as she smiled back at him. "I love when my victims give me product placements."

"We'll see who's the victim here, Joker. I've politely asked you to get the hell out of my apartment. Now I'm going to have to teach you some manners."

Before any of the clowns could reply, Selena was rushing their way with her hands balled in fists. She was fast, even out of uniform, and with cat like reflexes, she was aiming her hands towards the Joker. Harley jumped in, protecting her man as she quickly conked Selena on the head with the scepter, knocking the woman back. Selena slid to the patio door, cracking the glass. After shaking her head, she was back to her feet again and ready to attack.

Selena didn't expect what came next. As she neared Joker, Duela snuck by the woman's side and knocked her down before holding the flower on the front of her costume. The flower sprayed a strong gas into Selena's face as Duela held her face back. It was a knockout gas, and in a few seconds Selena's resistance slowed down, her body calming down as sleep claimed her. She was slumped on the floor, snoozing peacefully as the entire room was cleared, the cats hiding away from the sight of the clowns.

Duela breathed heavily, a bit in shock from seeing Selena become so feral.

Harley knelt behind Duela and rubbed her back, looking over Selena with wide eyes and a joyful grin. "Geeze, no wonder these beasts need catnip. Heard it calms them down. Gas works well enough, I suppose."

"She's lucky enough that we haven't done worse to her." Joker stepped forward with a sneer. "Besides, we can't go on and destroy her lovely face. It has to be perfect for the makeover I'm going to give her."

"Oh! That reminds me." Harley turned to Duela and smiled. "You haven't seen our makeover plans, have you, Duela?"

Duela shook her head. "No, but I'd love to find out what you're going to do to her."

"It's a surprise, you'll see."

Joker sighed. "That Selena girl really tried my patience. Oh well. Hurry up- pick up the cat cunt and carry her down to the car. I'll be waiting." The clown prince headed for the door, leaving his molls behind to handle the mess.

Duela looked at the departing Joker with worried eyes. "But daddy-"

"You heard the boss, up and at 'em." Harley reached around and grabbed under Selena's armpits, "You haven't seen the boss's bad side yet. Believe me- you don't want to."

Reaching for Selena's legs, Duela helped lift her up with Harley. The woman was quite strong and a bit heavy for such a cut and slender figure. The women could handle it, however- they were quite strong and agile, too.

*

Within ten minutes, the clowns had reached the costume shop. Selena was still out, cold as a burnt out lantern. The gas had been some heavy duty stuff, and Duela was glad that The Joker decided to arm her with an effective squirting flower. As the clowns made their way into the costume shop, she could only wonder what her "father" had in store for Catwoman.

The criminal trio reached the center of the clown aisle. Harley and Duela placed Selena on the floor.

"Now, first things are first," Joker said as he pulled out a little miniature device. It was some digital handheld thing with a screen. Joker turned it on but hid it from the view of Harley and Duela.

"Wait till you see what he does with that thing," Harley whispered to Duela.

"What's he going to do?" Duela asked.

Harley giggled. "It's a brainwashing device. It's smaller than the thing Joker brainwashed you with, but it's just as effective and easy to use. It won't be long until Selena finds out, first hand, what it means to be completely under the Joker's control. Her wants, her thoughts, and even her desires will revolve around what The Joker has planned for her."

"Just like he did to me," Duela said with a grin.

"Exactly. And you know what? You're way more happier for it. Aren't you?"

“Yes... why, yes, I am.”

“I only hope that...”

Joker was knelt over his sleeping victim, his hands slapping her face with loud, open palm smacks. He was so fierce with women- Duella was realizing this more and more. Harley was used to it.

“Wakey wakey, catsy.” Joker sneered before chuckling. His smile grew as he saw Catwoman’s eyes flickering.

Selena’s eyes squinted open, her cheeks red. “Huh... what...”

The first thing to greet Selena’s visuals was the miniature screen of the digital device. Held firmly in Joker’s hand, the small screen had a swirling black and white sphere designed to brainwash the victim slowly and on impact. “Watch the birdy...”

Selena took a while to come to, but as her consciousness faded in and out, she was startled to get a grip of what was going on. A screen of black and white swirls, a quite hypnotic tone that sounded like The Joker’s voice, a strange series of tingling starting to move in the Catwoman’s mind- she was being brainwashed. “N... no.”

“Yes. Watch the birdy. Pay attention to it, puddy tat.”

The Catwoman bit her bottom lip, feeling more cognizant of what was going on. Yes, someone was trying to hypnotise her, destroy her and defeat her mind. “No.... no... what are you.. I can’t... I can’t give in to you.”

“Of course you can! And to give in is to find true happiness... true madness! HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA...”

“No!” Selena screamed, finally awake. She could resist, she could protest, she could say anything to break out of this- and yet, she was frozen to a high extent. Her limbs felt like jelly, unyielding. Her mind was up yet the tingling was increasing and taking over her sense of awareness and consciousness. She was fading, being controlled and defeated by some controlling, misogynistic clown... it had to be him, that voice, that laughter. “Joker...”

“The one and only. Your new master.”

“No. No, I... I refuse. I refuse this to happen.” Selena’s mind was becoming weaker, her consciousness slipping away.

“But you must join your new friends! Vicki Vale has become nothing more than a mime.

The woman you did know as Batgirl has become a great daughter, my perfect Duella Dent.”

“Duella?” Memories were coming back of the evening, the strange woman at the condo, the break-in. As memories flooded in, however, they were also fading out.

“Yes, and now you... your cat like reflexes, your feline independence and autonomy attitude. It’s so selfish to be careless and free, isn’t it? It seems free, but a false sense of freedom only makes you miserable. There’s no comedy or laughter when you’re alone, Catwoman... forced to live as some weirdo cat lady in her apartment, all alone, finding your kicks in burglary.”

“Arggh....” Selena angrily sneered but couldn’t find the words to protest anymore. The strange screen, Joker’s dialogue... she was losing.

“A false sense of freedom. Yes. That’s exactly what it is. In my troupe, however, you’ll find the ultimate happiness. You’ll know that there is happiness in slavery, and pleasure in insanity! If you think you’re so free now, you’ll find out how much true freedom there is when I make you a willing occupier of your own beautiful box.”

“Nnn...”

“Yes. I have it all planned out. The perfect costume, the perfect face. And you’ll be placed in quite a decorative box that I have designed all by myself. You’ll come out only when I command you to come out and go back in when I feel like you should go in. You’ll be my perfect Jill in the box. Hahahahaha!!! Isn’t that lovely?”

“Oh yes,” Harley replied. “Quite lovely.”

Joker turned to Harley and snapped. “I wasn’t talking to you!”

“Oh!” Harley sank back. “Sorry boss.”

“I was talking to my precious Selena here.” Joker stroked his hands through Selena’s hair and stared into her eyes. He could tell that he had her now. Her eyes didn’t leave the screen. “You’ll be happy as my Jill in a box, won’t you, Jill?”

Selena’s eyes stayed fixed on the spirals. “Yes... master.”

“Bah! Master is so old and dull. Call me Mr. J.”

“Yes, Mr. J.”

Harley’s mouth formed into a bratty pout. Hey! she thought. That’s my name for Mistah

J!

"That's better," Joker said with a loving tone. "You were such a bad kitty, resisting Mr. J like that."

"I know, Mr. J. I was pretty bad. I won't do that again."

"Damn right, you won't. Heh! You'll be stuck on a spring and in a box. There won't be much you can do." Joker shrugged as he helped his new Jill up and supported her on her feet. "Well, we might as well get you into your new costume and paint that boring face of yours."

"Anything you say, Mr. J."

Harley gritted her teeth in rage before calming down, composing her expression before Joker could see her.

"That's better," Joker said as he placed his hand on the woman's back and walked her towards an aisle. "Hmmm, now let's see here..." Joker reached up to one of the shelves and pulled down a huge purple and black jester hat. "Ah, now isn't this nice? Yes, this will do well, I think. What do you think?"

Harley looked at the hat with a grin. "Yes, it's quite lovely. Don't you think, Duela?"

"Yeah." Duela grinned. "But you should get her fitted into some of her other clothes before putting that hat on her head."

"Great idea." Joker motioned Duela over to his side. He handed the hat to her when she approached. "You hold onto this for now. I have the perfect costume set aside for her." Joker pinched Selena's cheek. "Aren't you gonna love this..."

The Joker walked over to a row of spandex costumes and pulled out an interesting bodysuit. It had a dark purple and huge but thin clown collar with soft balls at the tips. Both of the arms were lined with purple and black diamonds. The left half of the body suit matched the arms from the legs up to below the collar, adorned with black and purple diamonds, while the right side of the suit was merely lined with a light purple. The look was quite beautiful and The Joker knew it would be just perfect for Selena, sporting the colors of her cat costume. It would compliment her beautiful dark hair.

"Let's not forget to get her skin painted," Harley reminded the Joker.

"Righty-o! How could I have forgotten that most important step? Well, the truth is I haven't!" Joker yelled the last few words in Harley's face, making the clown girl back up with a fearful face. Rolling his eyes, Joker's smile returned in some bipolar snapback action. "Now,

where was I? Oh yes! Back to you, darling.” Joker walked over to his new Jill and grabbed her hand, walking her towards a mirror at the end of the aisle. “I have some body paints set aside for you. Come along, Duela. Harley, you get the accessories I showed you earlier.”

Harley followed the Joker’s directions without complaint as Duela followed obediently. After stopping Jill in front of the mirror, Joker straightened his tie and looked up and down the body of his new prospect. “Get undressed, Jill.”

Jill did as she was told. She pulled each article of clothing off and threw it to the ground, completely exposed to Joker and Duela.

Joker looked to Duela and pointed at the buckets of body paint and brushes nearby. “Paint her entire skin in white.”

Duela went to the body paint and pulled out cannisters of white paint. After grabbing a brush, she started to move up and down Jill’s skin. The paint worked perfectly, moving around easily at the tip and bristles of the brush yet quickly drying on the skin. By the time Harley came around with the extra accessories Jill would need for her costume, Harley had already painted up to the woman’s neck.

“Hurry up and paint her face,” Joker said to Duela before turning to Harley and demanding, “You there- put on her gloves first.”

Harley put some white gloves on the ex-Selena as Duela covered her entire face in white.

The Joker grinned with amusement. “Yes, that’s it. Now paint her lips in red. Harley, you remember the design I had for her eyes.”

Duela quickly painted the former Catwoman’s lips in red as Harley gave Jill a distinct design for her costume. Over her eyes, Harley painted huge purple diamonds.

“Yes, yes, perfect!” Joker jumped up and down with joy.

Harley proceeded to paint Selena’s nose purple as well, a tidbit she remembered from Joker’s planned design. “Duela, go ahead and make sure Jill’s cheeks are nice and red.”

Duela nodded before painting the new clown girl’s cheeks with a bright red, making sure the circles were well placed on the strong yet slender proportions of her face. Yes, she was cute, pretty and sweet looking- just the way the Joker intended.

The women helped Jill fit into her purple and black diamond suit. It all fit her quite well, outlining her body perfectly and showing her athletically flexible form. As a final touch, Duela

placed Jill's jester hat atop her head, fixing it tight so that it wouldn't come off.

"Yes! Excellent! Great work, ladies!" Joker laughed as he rubbed his hands together. "And now, the more fun part! We've got a box to get our funny friend Jill in!"

Duela's eyes widened at the thought of stuffing the woman into a box. It seemed like a lot of work, and just the possibility of it seemed daunting. She rushed to Joker's side. "How are we going to do that, daddy?"

"Oh, you needn't worry your head about that, Duela." Joker reached into his pocket and pulled out a whistle. He blew loudly into it, making both Duela and Harley's ears throb from the sound of it.

Suddenly, coming out of the dark of a huge aisle nearby were three of Joker's henchmen. They were tugging on a dolly that held a human sized box covered with black and purple diamonds. On the side of the box was a crank to twist and help Jill when she needed to pop out. From the look of the goons, they had a look that seemed to be entirely influenced by the three stooges.

"Duela, I don't think you have had the pleasure of meeting Mo, Lar, and Cur, have you?"

The three henchmen bowed respectfully like actors after a play.

"Why, no, I haven't," Duela answered honestly.

The goons grabbed Jill and walked her over to the box.

"Well, they're going to fit Selena into that box. Don't worry, she's a strong lady- she won't bruise easily. There's a spring in there that will keep her held in tight. Just think about it! It will be a fitting home for her, a place where I can control her and keep her bound for as long as I like." The Joker gave a hysterically insane laugh that filled the entire costume shop.

As Joker laughed crazily, the goons shoved Jill into the box, coiling a tight fitting spring around her body. The coil would keep her subdued in an adamantine bondage, forcibly making her reside happily in the box until the Joker deemed her worthy to call. Pushing her into the box, the goons made sure the box was closed tight with only a small slit for Jill's breathing.

"That's good enough," Joker said as he stared at the box, adoring it. "I think Jill will like the new role I have reserved for it. It's a fitting place for her, free of incessant meowing and the smells of cat urine. Bleh." Joker turned around and smiled at Harley and Jill. "Okay, girls! To the circus!"

At first, there was darkness and silence. Then, an overhead spotlight shot on and captured the center ring. In the middle of the light was a purple clad ringmaster, his hand held over his hat as circus music started to play. It was his circus, The Joker's play world where anything was possible according to his say so. What a night he had planned.

"Ladies and gentlemen, loons and goons, have I got a treat for you all!" The Joker outstretched his hand to a direction that the overhead light followed, immediately falling on his new box.

Harley's hands were on the crank, her devious grin shining.

Joker continued. "May I introduce the newest addition to my circus family... Jill!"

Harley felt her heart beat fast as she heard the Joker say the word "family". She could swear that her skin was going to melt from passion.

"Harley!" Joker shouted. "Turn that damned crank!"

"Yes, Mistah J, right away," the clown girl said as she started to turn it quickly.

It wasn't long before POP! the box opened. A grinning and seemingly fulfilled Jill popped out on a spring, bouncing lightly up and down.

Laughter came from the bleachers of the circus. It was the laughter of the only audience member in attendance- Duella. She clapped and brayed like a horse at the wild antics of her fake father.

Joker stared at the audience member with a wide grin. "Oh, you like that don't you?"

Harley smiled. "You think she should really get a good look at her handiwork tonight boss?"

"Oh yes." Joker rubbed his hands together. "We've had enough fun with Duella tonight. Why, let's see what Barbara will think of all the fun things we've done to our cat friend here."

"Are ya gonna say the trigger word, boss?"

"The trigger *phrase* you mean?"

"Ha, ha! Yeah. The trigger phrase. Are you gonna say it, boss?"

"Well, well, I don't know. It would probably be a big shock to goody two shoes librarian

over there. Ex nay on the phrasay and so on and so forth.”

“Huge shock, huh? That could be fun.”

“Yes. Ha ha ha! That would actually be pretty funny.” The Joker rubbed his chin. “Now, what was that phrase? Oh yes!” The Joker took in a deep breath and bellowed the awakening phrase he had made for Barbara. “That’s enough jokes for today!”

Suddenly, Duela felt her body jolt and shake. Her mind’s chemistry rearranged in every aspect, her personality shifting. Suddenly, Duela was gone and Barbara had come back, not knowing where she was. Her vision, however, was fixed on what used to be Selena Kyle. Now, her gaze saw a living clown girl in a box connected to a spring, grinning wildly and staring into the air with a creepy blankness. The shock of the sight sent Barbara screaming, the entire world seeming like a nightmare, and nothing even worthy of making sense.

*

Barbara woke up in her bed. She had a tremendous headache, her mind feeling like it had been hit with a sledgehammer. The only thing she could be certain of as she looked up at her alarm clock was that it had to be the weekend. It just had to be. She felt like she had been working nonstop without a break. Hadn’t she? She thought about checking the computer date just in case.

She was surprised to find her clock’s alarm going off. Usually, the alarm went off with the sound of a radio. This time, however, there was a distinct digital sound effect echoing from it. It took a while of Barbara adjusting to her hearing to realize the clock was emitting the sound effect of laughter.

The laughter seemed mechanical, moving through the room with an endless rhythm.

“Ha ha ha. Ha ha ha. Ha ha ha.”

Barbara cringed.

End

Duela Dent Part 6: The Unending Game Commission

When Barbara woke up that morning, she couldn't remember what had happened the night before in any slight detail. All she could remember was her lingering nightmare of Selena Kyle, the Catwoman, defeated and humiliated in some strange circus setting as a living Jack in the Box, her face painted and body restrained by springs as she rocked back and forth from the box's opening. The very remembrance of the nightmarish sights disturbed Barbara to no end. Oh well, she thought, maybe she could get ready for work.

Barbara reached over with her right hand to wipe some sleeping crust from the corner of her lips. Suddenly, she realized that her hand was gloved, but it wasn't like her bat glove. This glove was of a smooth and silky configuration. Immediately, she could feel heavy lipstick and paint at the corner of her lips. She pulled her hand away and looked at it, finding a black and green glove enclosed over her slender digits and palm. On the tip of her index was a mix of red lipstick and white greasepaint. It didn't take long for Barbara to see the green and purple sleeve on her arm.

I'm dressed... like a clown, Barbara thought in a chilling realization.

Her thoughts immediately went back to the dream as her eyes looked at her other arm, noticing how the sleeves matched. Both of the gloves were of a black and green composition. She jumped out of bed and felt her foot hit something. It was a funny looking bag, a clown's purse. She immediately remembered what was in it- pins and balls, silly clown props. God, how embarrassing! She kicked the bag to the side, immediately wobbling when she realized just how hard its contents were. She cradled her aching foot to health before standing upright again. Barbara looked herself up and down, realizing that she was wearing a red and black skirt. Her shoes looked like she could be in a ballet, matching the green and purple ensemble. Green and purple. Of course! Those were the colors of the Joker, Barbara noticed quickly. Soon, visions of Joker and Harley were in her face, being projected from her mind with an intense rushing action.. More details of the nightmare flooded her conscious mind in rivulets of memories as it became very clear that the events implanted in her mind were not the result of any dream or fantasy. No, she had really gone through this madness. What she had encountered was undoubtedly real. Catwoman had been in a circus with her as a Jack-in-the-box, and Barbara served as a clown. They had participated in a madness concocted by none other than the evil clown prince of crime, The Joker, and his faithful sidekick, Harley Quinn. The insane merrymakers had treated Selena and Barbara to a hectic evening of dark delights and unspeakable treats.

If only it had been a dream.

Barbara thought of how quickly she had to move in order to get out of the clown garb and makeup to prepare for the day. She didn't have any time to wonder how she got back home or if she was able to defeat Joker and Harley before they did any more damage. After

inspecting her watch, however, Barbara's adrenaline started to calm down. It was the weekend. Barbara was sure of it after checking her cell phone and double checking her digital calendar on her computer, just to be sure. She smacked her mouth open and scratched the back of her head as she thought of ways to prepare for the day. Maybe, before getting ready to fight crime that night, she would spend a day walking or visiting the Gotham Museum. Her body was aching and she was sure that she had been working harder than usual, which surprised her. As Batgirl, she was used to getting herself in crazy situations that required a lot of energy.

Barbara looked in the mirror and studied the strange painted clown face that stared back at her. It was easier to remember everything with the visual representation as clear as day. She had a pink nose with red lips, blue eye shadow resting over her eyelids. Three colored balloons were on one cheek with a red heart on the other as a big purple star was painted over her right eye.

"God," Barbara found herself saying aloud, no longer able to contain her thoughts of embarrassment and shame, "I look like a walking freak show. What... what did those clowns do to me?"

Barbara couldn't help but feel her paranoia flowing in other directions. There was no way the Joker would merely dress her up as a clown. What else had he done to her? Had he brainwashed her? That would explain the strange loss of detail in memory, the confusion of waking up from a dream like state that proved not to be a dream at all. The entire thing was sickening to her, devastating and annoying. How would she ever get out of it?

The embarrassment was not merely limited to a painted face. She also had purple star earrings that looked like they came out of some hockey costume catalog and a strange green wig. Barbara knew that she was wearing tights from the elastic feel of fabric on her legs but after a quick glance she could see things were stuffed in them. As she reached into her tights to pull the items out, she was astonished to see a rubber chicken come out. She threw it to the wall with some anger that was hard to suppress. Something else was in her tights too. She reached into her tights again and pulled out a clown horn. She dropped it, letting it honk as it met the floor.

I have to wash up, Barbara thought as she started to wipe at her lips, seeing how much lipstick would come up. Immediately. I have to clean this crap off.

Barbara stopped herself, wanting to remember more of what happened in the previous night. Things were slowly coming to her but it was all still a blur. Suddenly, she could see the face of the person that brought her to that strange circus clear as day. Yes, it was a woman with dark hair, fair skin, very beautiful but mopy looking-

"The goth girl" Barbara whispered.

Yes, the goth girl. She had prepared Barbara for the circus. The Joker had come in at some point and Barbara could still hear his voice in her head... but everything else was an absolute blur.

Think, Barbara told herself. Come on... you have to think.

Where did she meet the goth girl at? It was at a place that was very important for some reason. That's when it hit Barbara- she had met the goth girl at the very place she had gotten the clown garb she was wearing. It was a costume shop, somewhere in the downtown area. Her mind played back the scene like she had only been there a few moments earlier. The costume shop was huge with many sections, period costumes and accessories, but for some reason, she kept seeing the clown aisle. It was the only one that stained her memory, and she felt like she had been there more than once.

The clown section of the costume shop, Barbara thought as she pounded one fist into an open palmed hand. That's it. The costume shop was where she met the goth girl.

The goth girl was the one that brought her to the circus and placed her at the mercy of The Joker. She was the one that had gotten Barbara all dressed up as a clown to impress the evil villain. It was a 'date', some deranged arrangement that she was forced into without any choice, a mandatory meeting beyond her control. Joker wanted to play with her like some sort of toy for his amusement, and he showcased a trapped Catwoman serving as a Jack-in-the-box.

No, Batgirl thought. Joker referred to Catwoman's new bound identity as something else entirely. A Jill-in-the-box. Some feminine version of a jester confined to a cubic square without any choice.

She had to investigate that costume shop. There was no doubt in her mind that The Joker owned that shop and probably had used it as a hideout and place of operations for a long time. If she and Catwoman had easily fallen prey to the Joker and whoever that goth woman was through the costume store, then who knew how many other victims they had claimed for their services? How many lives had they ruined and forced into their clownish games? Barbara couldn't allow any more of their sporadic 'fun' to destroy any other Gothamites. How could she stop them for good? All of that could be figured out during her shower.

Barbara striped out of her comedic clown garb. She was relieved to see that her body hadn't been tampered with, at least from what she could tell. Her skin was still smooth and soft to the touch yet firm and well toned from her legs, stomach, arms and practically all over. There were no body modifications, no piercings or tattoos saying weird or ignorant things. Barbara turned around in front of the mirror just in case, checking every possible inch in view. Although she was still unnerved with the fact that she didn't know exactly how she got home, she was glad that her body hadn't become a canvas of destruction for Joker.

As Barbara turned on the shower head and stepped into the tub, her hands reached immediately for the shampoo. She let the water run through her red hair before her fingers reached into the tresses and against the scalp, massaging it and wetting it in preparation for a penetrating wash. The shampoo was poured over it in liquidy clumps before being smoothly mixed in with the water, creating heavy suds. As Barbara felt her hair becoming more fresh and alive, she tried to visualize her mind going through the same process- becoming less worried, less cluttered, and clear of any gunk remaining from the previous day. As the water ran, she could also feel greasepaint becoming wet and running on her face.

It's sort of sad, Barbara thought, not being a clown anymore.

Barbara was surprised. To wake up and find herself as a clown was confusing, alarming, and outright disgusting. The very realization of being clowned and remembering that Joker was the one that did this to her made her feel as if she had been won over, defeated in the process of being made into a fool. It was only now, in the shower, before her hands had even started to clean her face, that the thought of getting rid of the greasepaint seemed hard to deal with. She could even say that she *liked* the greasepaint, which was embarrassing enough to state in and of itself. It was true, however- she didn't want to let it go, and suddenly, that clownish face she wore made her feel good.

Barbara thought of Harley and Joker again. Suddenly, her usual thoughts of hate and loathing became thoughts of pleasure, passion, and a deep interest she was sure she had never felt before. No way, not about Joker and Harley. Then again, why was this entire morning feeling like *deja vu*? Had they subjected Barbara to this for a while? Barbara tried to think about the rest of the week, what led up to this day. Everything else was a blur. She could remember nothing beyond the fragments of last night, Catwoman's humiliation, and her time with Joker and Harley. Now, with Joker's evil starch white face filling her with erotic thoughts and Harley's beautiful body propelling her mind to dirty images, Barbara just wanted to scrub away everything. It was just unbearable to think that she could actually have feelings for those crazy clowns!

Her hair was clean. The water was running, the soap suds of the shampoo moving down her body and towards the drain. Barbara's face would have to be next.

Sure, she started to wash the greasepaint off. It was tougher than she expected, rubbing her soap on the makeup over and over again, realizing that it was not an easy thing to get rid of. There was not only the paint itself, which was already difficult, but the powder applied to it as well, and it was some heavy duty top of the line stuff. No wonder Harley's face stays so perfect, Barbara thought.

Another mental image hit her. The goth girl. Harley. Harley with makeup, Harley without. The goth girl again.

"That's it", Barbara murmured, staring directly at the drain.

She would have to make that costume shop visit, hopefully within the hour.

Barbara scrubbed carefully between her breasts, under her armpits, and between her legs as she scrolled down her skin by every inch, making sure each section of her body was completely clean. After thoroughly washing herself head to toe, she turned off the shower head and stepped out onto the shower rug. She rinsed herself off and wiped her skin dry with the available towel before wrapping the towel around her head. She stepped out of the bathroom and immediately walked towards the dresser. Maybe, she thought, I can wear my nice red lingerie today.

Upon opening the dresser, a very startling revelation crept upon Barbara- all of her undergarments were gone, including her socks.

"What the..." The woman stood in shock as she looked in the drawers, completely shocked by the lack of clothing available. "I could have sworn I did my laundry." Barbara's eyes widened as she thought about her other clothes. What if any of her other garments had gone missing? The woman stood up and raced towards the closet. She was shocked to find that every dress, every skirt, every shirt and all pairs of pants were gone, completely wiped out of her closet. One set of clothing, however, remained- her Batgirl uniform.

"Joker!" Barbara shouted in anger.

She couldn't go back outside with her Batgirl costume. No way, not at this time, and she wanted to confront the shop owners as Barbara, the women they had toyed with and destroyed. She was sure that, at this point, Joker would be well aware of her identity and who she was. She didn't want to give the clown prince the chance of feeling that he would be on top of her. She couldn't. No, she had to be ahead of the game, let Joker know that she was top dog. No one got the runaround Barbara Gordon- she didn't care what Joker had done to her so far.

There was only one thing Barbara could wear other than her Batgirl uniform. The bold fact stared her in the face with much embarrassment and shame.

"Oh god," Barbara thought.

*

Barbara was wearing the same clown clothes she had gotten from the clown shop. She wore a green and purple one piece with a red and black tutu. She wore black and purple striped tights that outlined her shapely legs perfectly. Black and green gloves enveloped her hands, serving as the perfect compliment to her green and purple ballet shoes. She didn't have a choice to wear anything else, and Barbara was sure that Joker had raided her closet as some sort of sick joke. Now, she was set on getting him back.

After a quick drive, Barbara returned to the same costume store. She was ready to confront her enemies. Her hair was held up in a bun and her facial expression, even with the concealing specs, showed no light hearted feelings. Even though she had put the clothes back on, she refused to paint her face again. Even so, a strong love for the clothes couldn't be denied. She loved how they fit, how they outlined her body and made her seem quite foolish. That must have been a hard thing to do- to make Batgirl of all people look foolish.

Barbara sat in the car for a while, trying to think of exactly how she would confront her foes. She pulled the big clown purse to her side. It was filled with many items. She remembered the balls and pins but what else could be in there? She couldn't help but take a peak. Reaching inside, she pulled out a horn. She thought back and remembered putting the horn and rubber chicken into the purse with the intent of getting rid of it. She wanted to drop everything off at the costume shop before beating Joker to a pulp. Looking at the horn now, however, she found it a bit adorable and cute, lacking the usual menace she found when she thought of anything clown, aka Joker, related.

Barbara honked the horn. It's amusing sound sent her into a soft chuckle. It wasn't really that bad. She honked it a few more times, highly entertained by the noise. *Well, look at me*, Barbara thought. *I'm a genuine clown.*

Barbara looked in the bag again and pulled out the rubber chicken. Without warning, she smacked herself in the face with it. This caused the woman to laugh hysterically. It was ridiculous, but she kept smacking herself again and again, over and over, laughing with compulsion. What a fool she was! She couldn't believe how foolish she had become. Barbara ran her fingers through her hair. What could she expect? This was her life now. She wasn't a Batgirl or a librarian- she was a clown! There was nothing else for her to aspire towards- her destiny was set.

Get it together, Barbara thought with strong annoyance. *Joker's gotten into your mind somehow, made you think these things... you have to fight!*

She couldn't fight. Barbara couldn't resist in any way, shape or form. This was her life now.

If anything, I could just ask for a job, Barbara thought with a laugh. *Me, working for the store owned by the clown prince of crime- could you imagine?*

Maybe. Just maybe she could.

Snap out of it, she kept trying to think to herself. Hopefully, it would work, keep her focused and aware, able to snap out of anything Joker or Harley could throw her way.

The off duty librarian wasn't surprised to find that the costume store was closed for the weekend, but she doubted that its owners were away. With a closed fist, she pounded on the door.

At first, no one answered. It was after a few pounds of Barbara's fist, however, that she could hear someone giving up and finally approaching.

"Alright, alright," the voice said angrily.

When the person finally opened the door, Barbara recognized her immediately. The dark hair, the moody style of clothing- it was the goth girl.

The goth girl looked at Barbara with some intrigue. "Well... don't you look lovely. Are you enjoying your costume?" Rubbing her chin, the goth girl seemed to give her own question some thought. "Well, of course you are, if you're still wearing them today.

"You took my clothes. I want a refund," Barbara held up her clownish purse.

"Ha!" The goth girl looked Barbara up and down with a scoffing expression. "Sorry, sweetheart. We don't do refunds. Besides, I gave it to you for free, remember?"

Barbara dropped her hand, thinking back as hard as she could. "Oh yeah..."

"Now," Harley continued, "it's a very nice, happy day, don't you think. Why don't you go out and laugh a little? Your face is too sour even for a.... tragic soul like myself. Now, good day."

Barbara stuck her foot in the door and stopped its movement as the goth girl nearly closed it. "Oh, we both know that you're no tragic soul at all, Harley."

The goth girl suddenly smiled. "I have no idea what you're talking about?"

"Oh?" Barbara returned a grin of her own. "Just like I'm sure you don't know who I am at all."

"I remember you shopping here the other day, yes, and preparing your costume."

"But exactly what did you prepare it for."

The goth girl blinked. "I'm not following you."

"I have memories, *Harley*. You and Joker know my identity."

The goth girl laughed.

“Both of my identities. And I can’t afford for you to use that information against me.”

“Oh, we would never use any information against anyone! Besides, you have a third identity now... Duela.”

Barbara gasped. It all made perfect sense now. “You’re... making me into some imitation of Duela Dent?”

“Yes, that’s right.” Harley grinned sadistically. “Duela Dent, the Joker’s Daughter. The one and only. What were you expecting, Betty Boop?” Harley laughed at her own meaningless joke. “No way! We were going to have some fun with you, and play you like a violin. Create the perfect daughter for Joker. What else could be better?”

Barbara’s fists were shaking at her side. She would have loved to punch the goth girl right dead in her face. “Don’t think you’re going to get away with this.”

“Already have, baby. You’re in me and Mistah J’s hands now. All ours, like a robot or a toy, but something better. Something more... organic.. edgy... and fun! Do I dare add hilarious?” The goth girl laughed.

Barbara shook her head. “I would have rathered this would have all been a dream. Just some sick, perverted dream. Well, you asked for it.”

“No need to act so harsh, Barb. I mean, why pretend? We know you just love Joker’s costuming and what we chose for you.”

Barbara couldn’t lie. She did love it. In fact, she adored it. The very knowledge of those true feelings humiliated her but filled her with excitement at the same time. She couldn’t hide the elation from her face.

“What do you say, Babs? Work the shop a little. I’ll show ya the ropes. No biggie, huh?” The goth girl’s mundane accent was fading as Harley’s lively dialect was making a grand appearance.

“Well... okay.” Barbara said with hardly any resistance. She could hardly believe what she was saying.

“That’s a good Duela. Well, come on in. You’ll be co-cashier. We’ll be like sisters. We’ve got lots of fun to have!”

Barbara stepped into the costume shop with some reserve. She was a bit afraid and not

really knowing what to expect from Harley, yet feeling strangely submissive to her at the same time. Was this a part of Joker's strange mind control tactic, to make Barbara feel aware yet maintain some sort of unseen dominance on her mind, her emotions and actions. Either way, she was willing to work with Harley, to be a part of her shop and do whatever she needed to do as a fellow employee.

Harley walked her new employee down the rows between the various aisles, each one dedicated to some sort of costuming theme- history, sexy clothes, western...

"The first thing we gotta do is get you out of those funny clothes," Harley said with a smile. "I mean, I like those clothes, and I know Mr. J did too... but you wore those yesterday! Did you wash?"

Barbara sighed. "Yes. Which is why my face is clean."

"Of course. But putting dirty clothes over a clean body doesn't make any sense now, does it?"

"Well, if you remember correctly," Barbara answered with some annoyance, "you and Joker took my clothes."

"Oh, we did?"

"Don't play innocent with me, Harley. You know and I know that you in fact stole my clothes from my apartment and took them... took them.. somewhere."

"Hmm, well, maybe we did. Say!" Harley stopped, getting a dark amused look in her eyes as she grinned wide like some she-devil. "Lookie lookie here.... your favorite section!"

Barbara looked up. It was her section, alright. The clown costumes and accessories were lined down the aisle in heavy stock.

Harley grabbed Barbara's hand and edged her along, hardly able to contain her giggling. "Now let's see what work clothes we'll get you in today... well, what do you know?" Harley pointed to a set of clothes prepared at the end of the aisle. "We already have some working clothes set out for you!"

As they approached the special clothes, Barbara inspected them closely.

The clothes seemed strangely familiar.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Harley laughed. "Put your clothes on! Well... first you got to get undressed."

Barbara looked at Harley with suspicious eyes. "Wait a second. Where's the dressing room?"

"No need. You just get undressed right here, and I'll help you get dressed again."

"I don't know if I feel comfortable having you see me get undressed."

Harley smiled. "Barbara... it's nothing I haven't seen already!"

Barbara shook her head. "What am I not surprised?"

The redhead gave up. Without any more questions or delays, she started to strip, pulling down her silly striped tights and slipping them off along with her ballet shoes. Her gloves were the next to go, their green and black design thrown to the ground like a discarded memory. Barbara's tutu fell next, then her one piece. In less than a minute, she was standing there, naked, cupping her breast as she tried to hide any embarrassment she felt.

Harley eyed Barbara's long legs all the way past her nicely shaped bottom up to her guarded yet still ample breasts. "It's a shame you would want to hide that beautiful body... especially after all the fun we've had together."

"That fun undoubtedly happened when you and the Joker brainwashed me."

"Are you so certain we brainwashed you?"

"It's the only thing that makes sense."

"No, Babs. The only thing we did is liberate you." Harley pushed Barbara over to the work costume waiting for her. "Now, be a good little bat clown and put on your new clothes."

Barbara was irate. How dare Harley speak to her that way! Still, Barbara couldn't drive herself to fight the woman- she could only obey. She slowly put on the clothes that looked too familiar. First she slipped on a black and white checked skirt. After she put on the skirt, she proceeded to pull on the accompanying clownish top that came with it. The top had a green sleeve on one side and a red and black sleeve on the other. Playing cards stuck out on the left side of the top's torso with a big purple lilac of a flower hanging from the breast.

It feels like I've worn this before, Barbara thought as a strange sensation crawled all over her skin. Was it a nostalgic feeling? A creepy feeling? It felt a little like both to her.

Next came the legwear. Barbara slipped into a pair of bright purple tights with laughing clown faces on the knees. Barbara put purple gloves on her hands before slipping on some

purple shoes with green heels. The entire costume, like her previous one, had a mixture of Joker and Harley colors, though the Joker's colors were the most dominant.

"I knew it." Barbara's mouth dropped. "I wore these clothes before."

"Of course you have, Babs." Harley patted her fellow employee on her back. "It's the same costume you wore on your second night as our daughter, Duella Dent."

Barbara turned to Harley with rage in her eyes. "How long have you been doing this to me?"

Harley stepped back, holding up her hands as if it would calm Barbara down. "Oh, not too long. Just a few days. It's a new thing, honest- we just plan to make it permanent."

"I would never end up like you- either of you."

"No need to make a decision too quickly, Babs. At least not until you hear Mistah J out."

"You've had your fun with me. Now I want out."

"You need to be more patient, babydoll."

"Where's Joker. I want to see him now."

"But we've got so much work to-"

"Where's Joker?" Barbara screamed the question at the top of her lungs, knocking some accessories off the shelf.

Harley grinned, her eyes dancing with delight. She was obviously enjoying this angry, fiery Barbara. "Just be patient. You don't think I'd have a laugh without Mistah J getting involved, do ya? Now, come on, let's go do your face."

Harley set Barbara down in front of the mirror and started to paint her face. First, she put the white grasepaint base all over the woman's visage. Quickly following, she placed her blue eyeshadow on, pink blush over her cheeks and finally topped the makeup off with a nice set of red lips.

"How do you feel, Barbara?"

"Ridiculous."

"Good. You got a lot of work to do."

Harley had a few chores set up for Barbara to handle. First, there was the new inventory of clown accessories and costumes that needed to be organized. Then, there were other aisles that needed to be organized, items begging to be unpacked and put up for the next work day. After only two hours of work, the able bodied and strong Barbara couldn't help but feel tired.

"When is Joker coming, Harley?"

"Don't worry about that, Babsy. You'll know."

Barbara couldn't help that, after only ten minutes of "training", Harley had spent most of the time filing her nails and blowing bubblegum. Barbara was aggravated by the sight of Harley as she seemed to handle no work at all. Still, Barbara couldn't do anything about it. Inside, as if on some deep subconscious cue, she felt owned by Harley, possessed, as if there was nothing she could do. She could only do what Harley wanted her to do, taking care of the shop and handling the tasks thrown at her.

"You're doing good, Babs!" Harley shouted as she read the funny paper.

Barbara sighed as she put up a final article of clothing. She could hardly believe that she was done. "Harley... why do you work for Joker? Don't you know he's abusive, selfish, crazy... evil?"

Harley looked into Barbara's eyes. Her usual glee was replaced with a noticeable sadness. "You know, you've got Mistah J pegged all wrong."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. I mean, for one, he's sweet, giving, kind-"

"Wait, wait, wait... how can you say these things?"

"Well, think about it. He's just a guy that likes to have fun. And he likes other people to have fun, too. That's why he's always trying to bring a smile to people's faces, make them laugh... just like he did with you."

Barbara looked down at her shoes. A guilt was burning in her heart. Why did she feel like Harley was right?

"Just think about what he could have done- left you to live your unfulfilling life. You weren't happy as Barbara. Batgirl didn't do anything for you either. This is a much better life for you."

"What's so good about a life where I have no control."

"But you do have control," an interjecting voice called from the backdoor of the shop.

Barbara recognized The Joker's voice immediately. Harley did too- her saddened face quickly became happy again. The clown prince's dark gaze and wide smile sent chills up her spine.

"You've left me with no control," Barbara responded.

"Maybe not at first," Joker said as he started to walk forward, "but if I didn't, how would you have ever known true joy by yourself?"

"Even now, I'm still brainwashed. I don't know how you did it, Joker. Mad Hatter's tech, some other device..."

"Mad Hatter's brainwashing devices have gotten a bit dull, Barbara. I have my own mind control toys now. You, however, have a choice to make... a big choice."

Barbara stood merely a few inches away from Joker now, face to face. The desire to take him down to justice was so strong in her. She knew, however, that she could do nothing. Joker was her master, her ruler... her father.

"What choice do I have to make, daddy?"

"You have to choice whether you'll continue the liberated life that I have shown you as Barbara Dent, or go back to the cold and boring life you have as Barbara Gordon. Unfulfilling, dire, and dull."

"Ha. Even with your 'choice' that you offer, you sure have a baied way of delivering it, don't you?"

"Oh. You can't even try to tell me that life you live as Barbara is fun. That would be a lie."

Barbara froze for a moment, her mind blank before finding the right words to respond with. "Is that what life is all about to you, Joker? Having fun, at other people's expense? Hurting anyone that gets in your way, brainwashing them if they think differently than you?"

"Well, yeah! It's fun!" Joker shoved his finger in Barbara's face. "So, what's it gonna be, huh? A laugh riot or droolsville?"

Barbara could say nothing- she couldn't believe it. She immediately wanted to say Duela was the life that she wanted to live, but her moral mind and the little strength that was left in it fought bitterly with her, trying to win over her thoughts and feelings.

"No need to rush," Joker said, his winning smile never fading away. "Sleep on it. I've got a proposition for you to think over."

"A... a proposition?"

"Yes. One you won't be able to refuse."

To Be Continued

Duela Dent Part 7: The Big, Hilarious Decision
Commissioned

Warning- This part is more sexually graphic than the parts proceeding it. This is a mature and adult story. Reader discretion is advised.

“What’s your proposal, Joker?”

Batgirl asked the clown prince her question with an angry, fire bred tone. She stared into his green sparkling eyes and saw so much psychotic life in them, offering no redeeming qualities. She didn’t trust him- she never did and she never would. Nothing he could do, not even brainwashing or hypnotism, could ever bring her to devote unwavering faith to the demonic clown- or so she hoped.

Joker’s creepy grin soon opened, his proposal offered bluntly. “All you need to do is to give me one more night with you. I promise that you will never feel the desire to become Batgirl or that boring librarian ever again.”

Batgirl rubbed her arms and stood uneasily. She already didn’t feel like Batgirl or Barbara anymore. There she stood as Duela Dent, the Joker’s Daughter, a role she had been forced into during a number of trances over the past few days. Now, she was consciously aware of what was going on at the present moment, no longer hiding in the darkness of her mind. Learning that she had been brainwashed had been a harsh and strange blow to any sense of reality Batgirl could possess. She didn’t know how much of the truth she could take. “You’ve already hypnotised me, Joker. You could control me any time you wish. What else would you need me to do?”

“Don’t worry about the hypnotism, Batgirl. Sure, the brainwashing was fun, and I thoroughly enjoyed it! But it was the only way to *initially* show you the error of your ways! You live an unfulfilling life that always has you hypnotised! There’s no fun in the law- only anarchy and chaos. You had an inner circus girl inside of you, crying to get out. I did my best to bring her to the surface... and I did a good job if I say so myself.”

Batgirl couldn’t help but blush under her greasepaint. As much as she tried to fight it, she had developed a strong attraction, dare she call it love, for The Joker. It embarrassed her to no end but showed no signs of letting up, only becoming more powerful. “Yeah, right. You can pass this off as some sort of charity, but anything you’re behind is to only glorify yourself! YOu just want to manipulate me, to humiliate and mentally torture me! You’re low, Joker. The lowest of the low-”

“Thank you, dear. I appreciate all of your lovely compliments! But, you shall take me on your offer... yes?”

Batgirl’s voice cracked and stopped before it could answer, the word no being unable to

find a passage of escape from her tongue. The desire to have fun was just too bold on her mind, seeping into her brain, overwhelming her completely. How could she deny her true passions? In a few seconds, she found the strength to speak again. "Yes. It's only fair."

"Yes, it is." Joker proceeded to approach Batgirl. It wasn't long before his slender white glove was pressed against her red hair, running his fingers through it. "You will see that everything I do is fair. Chaos is way more fair than law and order could ever hope to be."

Batgirl laughed scoffingly with a trembling nervousness. "That's hard to believe, Joker."

"So many incarcerated in Blackgate, Barbara. Committed in Arkham, stripped of their rights, informed that their... insane. Ha! And for what? For control. Absolute control by the authorities of the state. Of Gotham." Joker shook his head, turning it a bit to look at the side. "Well, you have a lot to think about, Batgirl. It's time for you to go home. See you tomorrow night."

Batgirl was about to speak up before, suddenly, the Joker's gas sprayed heavily into her face from his coat's carnation. The gas immediately shot into her nose as she stumbled back and gave a short cry, shaking her head. As the strong cloud of gas moved into her system, she bent down to her knees, no longer able to support herself as the instant feelings of sleep drained any sense of consciousness. The last words she heard for the evening were "Goodnight, Batgirl" and it took very little at all to hear a chilling laugh follow with all visuals fading to black.

*

When Barbara woke up the following morning, she was a bit on edge. She expected to see The Joker and Harley beside her, laughing and taunting her. Even the vision of a painted Catwoman held mercilessly in a box had Barbara on edge. Instead of greeting the phantoms that plagued her mind, she soon realized that danger had subsided. As Barbara wiped away the sleep from her eyes, she sighed with relief. She saw that she was at home, safe and alone. She sat up in her bed to take a look around and make sure she wasn't dreaming. There were her dressers, her closet, and everything in its right place. Yes, she thought. *I really am home-thank goodness.*

I got to get washed up, Barbara thought. *Get dressed, brush my teeth and be ready.* When she glanced down, however, she was already dressed. She was wearing a set of clothes that she would usually wear when she went to work- a black top with a checkered skirt and clear stockings. Her checkered shoes matched the skirt perfectly, its design indistinguishable.

Impossible, Barbara thought. Holding up her hand in front of her face, Barbara blew her breath against her palm. Surprisingly, it was minty fresh. Had she just brushed her teeth a while ago, probably so tired that she took a little nap? No, she would haven't remembered that,

at least. She took a fingernail and scratched against a tooth. There was no grit or grime remaining on the tooth's surface. Her mouth was perfectly clean. The librarian had always taken care of her teeth but to wake up so well prepared was a bit eerie. Either her memory was really bad or she had been really tired. Nothing made any sense.

Barbara thought back to her previous night as Duella, her greasepaint worn daintily upon her face, her clown clothes stretched against her skin. Now, it was all gone. As she rubbed her hands against her face, she could tell it was completely clean. Her hands were gloveless, the floor bare with no clown bags or clown purses. Everything was normal.

It must have just been a dream, Barbara mentally reasoned as she moved to the side of the bed and put her shoes on the carpet. "I was dreaming. It wasn't real. That has to be it."

Barbara's eyes fell upon the table in her room and she realized that her encounter with Joker wasn't a dream at all. There, as clear as day, was her precious clown purse waiting for her. The purse had been chosen by Joker and given to her by Harley during their dressing session yesterday, the design and look very much the same.

"Oh no," Barbara said as she walked away from the bed and towards the purse. It was hers alright, and for some reason, it felt heavier than it did before. "Joker must have put more crap in here. That clown..."

Reaching a hand into the purse, Barbara pulled out a flat present wrapped in gift wrap and topped off with a ribbon. Confused, the redhead ripped the gift wrap and threw it on the table. She realized that the gift she was holding was a CD case. Its cover looked quite ridiculous with a picture of some fat, middle aged clown laughing as he held a balloon in his hands, getting ready to blow into it. He was a run of the mill party clown, a bit creepy looking, bald and seemingly suburban. Barbara reasoned that it was probably some random kids entertainer. The title sprawled across the top of the cover was "Clowning 101".

"Flipping ridiculous," Barbara said with a shy before opening the case.

The Clowning 101 DVD was properly in its place. On top of it was a small yellow note. Barbara read it quickly and instantly recognized The Joker's surprising beautiful cursive. *Watch it before we meet tonight*, he had written. *You'll enjoy it. XXX Your loving dad, Joker.*

"Sickening," Barbara said as she stuck out her tongue with revulsion.

Barbara placed the DVD down on the table and inspected the other contents of the bag. There were so many items- clown clothes, green hair dye, numerous canisters of greasepaint with other makeup tools. Clown attire wasn't the only thing inside. The bag was nearly filled to the brim with balls and balloons. There was even a joy buzzer, clown horn, and a clown themed pocket watch.

Barbara already felt overwhelmed by the many items. She placed the bag back on the table and picked up the DVD again. Mistrust flooded her entire bloodstream. The Joker was not to be trusted. The DVD could be a trap, and no doubts brought Barbara to think any alternative thoughts about the disc. As she stared at the clown on the front, however, his appearance became less creepy. Instead, he seemed happy, so content in his little clown world on the cover. The clown model's 'happiness' would be equated to as insanity to the average person, or anyone with a strong sense of coulrophobia, but Barbara was seeing him in different eyes now. She wanted that happiness, the joy of the clown looking back at her from its flat surface. It would take the most naive Gothamite to actually have any respect for clowns with a staple like the Joker representing their crimeworld but Barbara didn't care anymore.

Yes, the DVD was probably a trap, but Barbara had to watch it now. She needed to enjoy the film, to learn from it and take the risk. There was a mischievous nature within her now, a clown nature, budding with a euphoria that couldn't be contained. With excitement, she moved over to the television and DVD player on the top of her dresser. First, she turned on the TV. The static was loud before she turned the DVD player on, turning the screen black. Barbara opened the disc player and placed the Clowning 101 DVD in.

"Let the fun begin," Barbara said in a gleeful tone. She immediately recognized the tone and phrase was nothing that her usual self would say, but she didn't care at this point. Clowning! What an excellent and wonderful topic- what else would Barbara care about doing at that point?

Barbara walked away from the TV and sat down on the edge of the bed. As she adjusted her skirt, she looked up at the TV. The black screen remained for a few more seconds. Before long, a huge multicolored spiral shined from the screen surface, shocking the redhead. The spiral looked very much like what someone would expect to see if they were being hypnotised. It was intrigue, a dark spiral interlaced with a light one. Its colors flowed through the electromagnetic spectrum like some psychedelic Pink Floyd fantasy, seeming to sneakily seer into the surrounding atmosphere of the room. With the projections of color and light, Barbara still felt conscious, aware of what she was seeing. She couldn't say that her mind didn't feel captivated in any way. Maybe it was just a joke, some funny effect put on the DVD by Joker. Knowing the Joker and getting to know more about him recently, however, made Barbara think twice. She wouldn't be surprised if spiraling rainbow show was doing far more than it seemed to be doing.

What Barbara heard next shocked her more than the spiral on the screen. A commentary was starting and Barbara instantly recognized the speaker had her voice.

"Hello, happy viewers," the DVD commentator began, "and welcome to the show. Clowning 101!"

“Oh my God,” Barbara said. “This is me. When did I record this?”

“On our DVD,” the commentator continued, “you will learn all of the exciting tricks of the trade to be the perfect clown! We’ll cover costuming, face painting, personality, acts, and jokes. So get ready to laugh, cry, juggle, blow balloons, pop ‘em, and above all else, have a fun and funny time!”

Joker must have made me record this, Barbara thought as anger flushed through her system. *He wanted me to listen to this as some sort of joke, to embarrass me.*

“First,” the commenter continued, “we’ll be getting into our costume. A clown isn’t a clown without a costume. So throw those bothersome clothes on the floor.”

It’s no use disobeying the voice, Barbara suddenly reasoned, pushing all other thoughts out of the window. *I have to listen.*

Barbara immediately stripped out of her clothes. The checkered skirt and shoes, the top, lingerie underneath- everything was discarded onto the surface of the bed, leaving the redhead naked.

“That’s it,” the voice said, as if timed to know exactly when Barbara would be naked. “You’re so beautiful, so radiant. Weren’t those normal day clothes so dull?”

“Say... they were dull, alright.” Barbara rubbed her hands across her skin. It felt so good to be free.

“You’re the perfect blank canvas for a clown,” Barbara’s recording went on, the television screen still spinning in a multicolored spiral that continued to change tones and hues. “A blank canvas can be captivating, but it must be decorated. Go to your clown purse, girlfriend... let’s get wild and let your *real* side out.”

“Yes,” Barbara said aloud without shame, smiling. “Let’s do that.” She walked over to the clown purse and pulled out the clothes. With hardly wasting any time, Barbara started to pull the clown clothes on. It was an interesting ensemble. First, she pulled on a tight, purple fitting top. After pulling it on and stretching it out, Barbara noticed that her nipples showed well through the thin fabric, round and perked to the touch. Then, she pulled on a green vest with a matching bow tie that wasn’t too harsh on her neck. Next, Barbara pulled tight fitting purple shorts over her legs. They showcased her athletically toned legs quite well, and on her green vest she attached a funny violet joke carnation. It had a valve behind it and Barbara knew it would be just perfect if she ever needed to fit gases or acid in it. She put on a little purple top hat, purple socks with Joker’s face on them, and green high heels. Her dressing session was complete.

"That's it," the announcer said from the TV, still seeming to have an uncanny way of knowing when Barbara would finish her assigned tasks. "You're all dressed up, nearly ready for the show. You should be proud. Why don't you take a look at yourself?"

Barbara nodded before walking over to a mirror. She looked up and down, admiring her look. The clothes were so nice and tight against her skin! She could feel it pressed against her like a second skin, her real skin, showing her truly goofy and careless side, a mischeviousness that couldn't be contained.

"Yes, that's it," the DVD continued. "So pretty, so goofy... such a clown. You're already looking extra funny today. Wouldn't you agree?"

"Mmmm," Duella moaned without embarrassment, her smile wide. She was truly happy.

"You're a very attractive and funny clown, alright," the DVD said encouragingly. "We're not done yet. You know that."

Barbara nodded.

"That's good, Barbara. Good. Now, you better put your purple hat on the table or bed. Wherever it won't get messy. We really need to bring the... joke out of your hair. Put some greenery in the scenery, just like daddy. Know what I mean?"

"Yes," Barbara said with a smile as she grabbed the green hair dye.

"Go to the bathroom and get your hair right. It's be good to get the hair done first."

Barbara listened immediately, going to the bathroom and preparing the dye. As she ran the faucet water, she applied the green dye to her hair and made sure it went everywhere, from the red tresses all the way down to her roots. Her hands were through the hair, rubbing and scrubbing to make the dyes spread out. The more work and water she put into dying it, the green was getting brighter and brighter. She realized how quickly it dried during the process as well, almost perfectly. The woman's red past was soon becoming something of a hidden and forgotten mystery. Barbara probably spent ten or fifteen minutes dying her hair, making sure that the dye went deep, covering up everything. After she was done, Barbara inspected the hair with the bathroom mirror and a hand mirror, making sure each square inch was covered.

When she came out of the bathroom, Barbara was no longer surprised that the DVD had estimated her preparation time just perfectly. The spiral was still spinning, spreading its colors like spiderwebs throughout the entire room.

"A clown isn't really a clown without that perfect face. So for this second section, I want you to paint all over your pretty... well, *my* pretty, perfect face..."

As Barbara walked to the bag and pulled out the makeup, she realized that she had worn this particular costume before. It had only been a few days, but she had worn this exact outfit, and being able to realize such a fact surprised the former crimefighter. As she dug out each makeup kit and greasepaint container, Barbara wondered when the DVD had really been made. Had it been made the first night she had been brainwashed by the Joker, a night or two later?

“Now, before we begin,” the DVD continued, “you should know that makeup is what really sets difference between people and clowns. Makeup brings out your spontaneity! It allows you to be fun, creative and free. You go from the life of a normal, everyday smoe to a real life clown persona. Now, go ahead and spread that white greasepaint.”

Barbara obeyed. She started to smooth the greasepaint over her face and get it settled against her skin.

“There are many clowns throughout history that have been recognized specifically based on their face alone. Each clown is unique and presentation is everything. Think Lou Jacobs, Red Skelton, Emmett Kelly... The Joker!”

Barbara’s hands continued to move across the flesh, making sure she got as much coverage as possible.

“See how reliable all of that makeup is?” the DVD inquired. “See how well it sticks to your face, how nice it feels?”

Yes, Barbara thought, hardly able to hide her smile. *She’s right. It’s... perfect.* She spread the white greasepaint over her neck and ears, matching their coverage with her face.

“Each clown has their own face and you should make your own. A clown is only recognizable when their face stands out in a line up of a million clowns. Normal people conform, assimilate, and lack creativity. A clown, however, embodies rebellion, individuality, class. You’re at the top of the worldly food chain now, a fool! Now, I’m going to tell you what your perfect clown face is like. First, you’ll want to remember to powder the base makeup, all that white greasepaint, to make sure that it sticks.”

Barbara grabbed her powder brush and the talc nearby, immediately dipping it in and brushing all over her face. She did it as quickly and as efficiently as she could. Puff, puff, puff- the brush pampered her face, bouncing up and down with her hand as she held it, making the white makeup seem more uniform on her heavenly visage. Yes, she knew the DVD was right and she would follow each instruction, every detail. She knew that all of the information relayed to her had already been taught well by the master himself, Joker, while she was in her trance. She had seen the application of makeup and powder. She would not fail her parents. She had

to make her face perfect and powder was needed for that process. Powder kept the makeup from feeling unkempt, messy and foolish. It would make sure that the face was completely covered and well formed. That way, she could apply the rest of the makeup without any problem.

“Time to put on the rest of that greasepaint and makeup,” the TV said. “After setting the foundation, you can do all sorts of things to make your clown face unique and impressionable! Use different colors, play with different designs- you can be goofy, elegant, bold, but whatever you choose, make it funny!”

Barbara pulled out the red canister. After removing the white makeup from her lips, she started to apply the red to replace the exposed area. It did fit so nice and smoothly. She puckered her lips and made a sexy face before extending the red on the corner of her lips to give it a perfect Joker smile. Mixing the red on her cheeks gave it a faint pink blush. Barbara moved on to the blue makeup. The mix of the blue with the white over her eyelids gave a nice light purple eye shadow. Finally, she grabbed the black and pulled out a makeup brush, drawing eyebrows for herself before pulling out fake eyelashes. Her face was so right, so beautiful! Barbara struck a few poses in the mirror, realizing how much fun she was having and how different she looked. It was all such a big contrast from the boring, unfulfilling personality of Barbara Gordon.

Barbara looked back to the TV screen.

“That’s the Duella Dent that the world will come to know and love!” the DVD announced. “You’re really handling Clowning 101 well. Now we need to move you up to the next step. You’ve got the looks, you’ve got the natural charm and the perfect physique for real physical clowning. Now, let’s do what we can to bring you to a professional level. Any clown can look like a clown, but it takes a real clown to *be* a clown.”

“So true,” Barbara responded to the television.

“Now that we’ve got that cleared up, let’s go to our next lesson- personality. Take a seat.”

Barbara obeyed, sitting down on the edge of her bed and staring headon into the shiny spiralling screen.

“Good. Now, remember that to be a clown, you’ve got to have confidence. Spunk. You’ve got to know that you’re hot stuff, just like daddy.”

“Just like daddy,” Barbara repeated in a slightly mindless way.

“You have to know you’re smart, and crafty. You should never have to question any of

your jokes. If anyone doesn't laugh, you should make them laugh. Force them if you have to."

"Force them..."

"All of the world is your stage, and everyone loves a clown. In a world full of clowns, you have to stand out. Be the best."

"Be the best."

"And why shouldn't you be the best? You were trained and created, broken down bit by bit and reshaped by the best clown of all time- Joker, the clown prince of crime. That's a big legacy to be a part of- you have to always represent it to the best of your ability."

"Best of my... ability."

"Remember that viewing yourself as a freak show is forbidden. You represent Joker now! Have pride as a clown. Always be happy, funny, and silly!"

"I will be happy... and funny... and... and silly! Ha ha ha!"

"Good, dear. Now, Duela- always have the demeanor of a confident clown. Sit up straights, showcase your wares, and don't forget to smile!"

Barbara was gone, dead for all Duela could care. The green haired beauty arched her back as she sat on the surface of the bed, pushing out her breasts and pouting her lips. She felt so proud of herself.

"That's a good clown. Very good. Don't think of yourself as abnormal. Normal people are abnormal. They don't like to have fun, and if they had a chance to be fun, they wouldn't know how to! You're the confident firecracker that's responsible for stirring up their lives with nothing but the best humor has to offer! Laugh a lot, be mischievous. A real comedy house."

All of the information was being absorbed into Duela's attentive brain. She was held captive by the television and loving every minute of it.

"There's more to personality than just confidence, but at least we've covered the grand pillar. On to the next one."

Duela listened carefully, brushing some green hair away from her ears.

"Remember that a true clown remains loyal. All clowns come from a clown alley, a troupe, a circus or carnival where they were created, raised... 'born'. You are no different. Remember to always honor and love your teachers. No... they are not just your teachers. They

are your parents, the funniest clowns in the world. Joker and Harley.”

“I was raised by the best.”

“They helped you onto the right path of clowning! Remember how you felt before you became a clown, when you fought them, opposed them? They were only trying to help you. They knew what was best for you!”

Duela thought about what the television was telling her as she had been instructed to. Her mind went back to many fights with Joker and Harley when she was Batgirl. Most of those occasions, she was playing a second banana and third wheel to Batman and Robin, helping them on their outings. Rarely did Batgirl have a vendetta or fight to rage on her own when it came to the Joker, and she had treated him cruelly, so unjustly. She could remember punching him, kicking him, throwing the clown when all he was trying to do was have some laughs, some giggles. He did so much for Gotham, worked so hard to keep the entire city entertained while people went on with their slave wage lives, earning nothing of value and knowing nothing about the poetic beauty of true comedy, true laughter and joy. No, Joker had to teach them and show them the way. Why would Batgirl want to oppose all of that? There was so much guilt for how she treated Joker in the past, so much pain and anguish. Why wouldn't she want a piece of the action? No more than any other time in her life did she really feel that desire to connect with the clown prince of crime as she did now. She would be a part of his troupe, his comedy team, his theatre. She would serve at his side and his feet as his humble daughter, his perfectly molded Duela Dent.

All the thinking about Joker and Harley was replacing feelings with guilt with feelings of longing and desire. How she truly loved the both of them. She felt like she needed them even though she didn't deserve them. If she could only make up for all of the rough patches they had went through with one another. Batgirl knew that she would do anything, everything possible, to make the clown couple happy. She could showcase how successful their work on Duela had been to the public, like a psychiatric patient redeeming themselves for society. Yes, it made perfect sense now. Everyone had said that Joker had made Harley crazy, forced her into insanity and pushed her to the edge. They swore that Harley had lost her way from her psychologist past, but if they had only known that the woman had become a better therapist at the Joker's side! Joker was a natural therapist and psychologist himself. He had broken the destructive fabric that was Barbara Gordon, freed the deluded woman from her batty mind prison, and broken the shackles of what was holding her in the pit of the world's loathsome, humorless darkness. Yes, Duela was a better person now, a real clown, genuine and true in every sense of the world. Joker and Harley were so... hot, and they made Duela burn to the core of her physical being. If she weren't dressed in her best clown clothes for them right now, she would have stripped down and laid on the best, taking her mental visualizations and let them guide her to ecstasy. For now, though she couldn't strip and throw her glorious clothes to the side, she could still dream. She could think of Harley's hands pressed against her breasts, suckling them like bottles, licking the nipples for all that they could be worth. Duela could dream

of stuffing her face in Harley's lap at one moment, and Joker's in another, working her own tongue and mouth to their satisfaction. She could dream of the perfect ways that she could make them happy and show that they owned her, mind, body and soul.

The erotic thoughts intensified. They started off gently, sensual and soft, with visions of oral sex and kissing. Duella would eat Harley and Harley would eat her, sometimes back and forth, sometimes at the same time. Joker never ate, often watched, and never turned down a blowjob.

Dreams of oral sex soon proved to not be nearly enough for Duella. Before long, she was thinking of being completely dominated by the Joker, owned from the front and the back for hours on end, nights filled with compassionate love making and hard hitting fucks. There was nothing merely sweet about the visions anymore. They were hardcore, graphic and uncontrollable. As much as Duella wanted to control herself, to keep her clown clothes clean, she couldn't help but feel moist and wet between her legs from the heavy thinking. She couldn't even focus enough to realize that, although the spiral on the television remained constant and bright, the voice had stopped for quite a while now.

Another realization suddenly hit Duella. As she fantasized about getting fucked, having girl on girl sessions with Harley, making out over cream pies and whoopee cushions, it suddenly occurred to her that these weren't simple fantasies. These were events, memories to be exact. Each 'fantasy' was a memory that had already happened, things that had been blanked out from her conscious mind and triggered to come back when she least expected it. Those memories kept coming, nights where Duella would dress differently for Joker, wear something else to capture his fancy. After the brainwashing, after the training and the hijinks of the night, they would always go back to Joker's circus for a nightcap. That was where Batgirl was convinced to perform the wildest of acts, starting with Harley before incorporating The Joker. Joker liked to start out by watching, and by the end of the night, he would proclaim his dominance. Batgirl would end up sweaty, hot and tired from the escapades before getting knocked out again.

So that's when Joker cleans me up, Duella thought. Gets me washed up, dressed up, makes me Barbara again. And for what? Was all of the switching back and forth to break me? Couldn't he have just claimed me then and there.

Duella felt some shock as she pulled herself back from her thoughts, tried to regain some composure. *Focus, she thought, come back. I need to be the perfect clown for my parents... for my troupe. I can't think inquisitively about them. I just have to be loyal. Joker knows what's best. His reasons are the perfect reasons.*

"And now," the television said. "Onto the next lesson."

At least Duella thought it was the television talking. But the volume didn't come from the television- not at all. Maybe it never had.

That's when it hit her- the DVD had no narrator. All of the lessons, the narration, everything, was taking place in Duela's head. It was like some weird programs that had been stored into her brain, influenced by The Joker. She had been trained at some point to hypnotise herself, probably for this very moment.

"Bingo," the narrator said, confirming Batgirl's strange understanding of the current circumstances. "Now, shall we proceed to our next hilarious lessons of gags and jokes?"

Duela nodded.

"Good."

Duela stood up, knowing that she should be prepared as much as possible for what she would be asked of next.

"Now, lets focus on filling up a few balloons. Do you have your clown purse?"

Duela went and grabbed her clown purse before showing it to the spinning screen. Her cheery persona had come back full swing. "I sure do now!"

"Great. Do what you do best and blow."

Duela obeyed immediately. She pulled out balloon after balloon and filled them up, tying them and constantly moving on to the next one. It had probably been no less than ten minutes when her entire room's floor was bouncing with little and big balloons of long and round sizes, each one varying in color and width. From red to yellow to green and purple, they created a miniature circus in her own apartment, making everything look way more lively than before. Duela was already starting to feel at home. Duela's apartment, not Barbara's- the remade woman liked the sound of it.

"You're doing great, Duela. Really, you're a natural! Now, let's make some balloon animals. Hopefully, by now, that won't be too tricky for you."

Duela obeyed without question. She grabbed some of the balloons and started to twist them, tying them into many weird shapes. She started simple, making the smallest balloons into the least complex shapes. Before long, she was picking up speed and trying out all sorts of crazy combinations and balloon concoctions. She was soon surrounded with the balloon animals she had created- giraffes, dogs, and other interesting shapes. Her heart was mired with pride and a sense of accomplishment.

"You're a natural! Of course, balloon animals are mere fodder, baby stuff. Even so, every clown's gotta know the basics. You're no ordinary birthday clown, but you'll have to know

the simple stuff in order to keep up with the Jokers. Besides, who knows when your balloon animals will make perfect storage units for laughing gas some day! They undoubtedly will at a point or two in your life.”

Duela was so excited. She knew that even this small stuff would be perfect in having her use the best arsenal for Joker’s schemes.

“Well, onto the next fun! Let’s talk about joy buzzers…”

Duela reached in her stash and looked at the few little joy buzzers.

“You’ll need some of these for the fun you’ll have in Gotham. All you need to do is find an unsuspecting victim, press the buzzer lightly, find a hand to shake and- ZAP! You’ll give a new and probably short lived comedy assistant the old shock treatment! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Now, don’t forget all about your squirting flowers. Some gas, some acid, even other weapons can be a sure thing when it comes to making a robbery or other mandatory crime.”

Duela didn’t seem overwhelmed, but she sure was impressed! She slipped on one of the joy buzzers. It fit like a charm. Duela reached for the carnation on her vest and gave it a little testing squeeze. She was surprised to see that it was already filled with some gas, spraying a bit of it in the air before it evaporated. *Well, she thought, I’ll be. I’m pretty well stocked and supplied.*

This was the good stuff and Duela knew it. Any clown could do simple party tricks, circus acts and even act out monologues and miming. The type of clowning she would be doing, however, would take things way further than such pedestrian acts. She was trained by the best master, The Joker, and being a great clown was all about standing out. No one could clown like her trainers. They did things other clowns wouldn’t dare to do- explosions, shockers, all around horrors that captivated the massive audience of Gotham. More than anything, Harley Quinn and The Joker made such seemingly dark and dirty deeds funny. With the hilarious factors involved, life became an unending array of possibilities. Duela could enjoy it all, follow in her parent’s footsteps, and make them notice how funny she could be too. She could do all sorts of things when she got started- poisoned flying darts, sharp edged playing cards with the Joker’s insignia stamped upon them, the works.

“Now let’s talk about another fun thing you can do- hypnotise people. You see that watch over there, Duela?”

Duela reached down and picked up a nice, shiny pocket watch. It was covered with a green and purple diamond design. “Yep. Sure do.”

“Good. That pocket watch can be used to hypnotise all sorts of people! Average, dull people have such funny minds for you to manipulate and control! You can’t control anyone

without daddy's consent, of course, since he controls you."

"Of course."

Duela took the pocket watch and stuff it into her tights. There, she thought, that will be a good place to store it for now.

"Good job, Duela. Daddy will be very proud of you. Now, why don't you spend a bit more time practicing your juggling? Always remember- get the basics down and you'll master the heavy stuff!"

Duela agreed totally. She picked up some balls and immediately got to juggling. She was surprised with her skill. She was able juggle five balls at a time. She upped the ante to six. It was a bit difficult but she was able to get it down in a few minutes. Soon, she was able to switch up the speed, fast or slow, and even walk around with the various items moving along with her. The very moment was priceless. Robin would have been jealous! He had spent years of his childhood working to be the best circus performer he could be and Duela had built her circus skills in a matter of a few days!

Forget Robin, Duela thought with a giggle. Batman too. This is my life now. Here, watching Gotham fall and tumble with a laugh and a grin, alongside my daddy. Just think of how funny it would be to juggle a few bombs and let them loose in a downtown parade!

Duela thought about how much Batman would freak once he came back to Gotham and saw that his precious friend Batgirl had seen the light, trading sides. If he could see her new happy philosophy in life, he would know that she wouldn't need him or anyone else again. She would leave her life as Barbara Gordon and the Batgirl behind forever, wanting nothing but to serve The Joker onto eternity. Then, they would see who truly ran Gotham with a silly gloved fist. They would all see.

"I've got to fight this impulse to clown around," Duela suddenly found herself saying.

Oh no. Thinking about Batgirl had brought her out a bit, made her rise to the surface. She was fighting the new mindset of Duela. Duela found herself walking over to her closet and opening it, looking at her Batgirl uniform.

Get dressed, a Batgirl was telling Duela in her head. Put on the uniform, before it's too late. It'll get your senses back- it'll remind you of who you are.

"No," Duela said with a strong imperative tone. "No, never. I refuse. I am Duela now."

She could hear Batgirl screaming now, throwing a tantrum in her head. How did she not realize how weak Batgirl was before? Batgirl, the idiotic rodent, lost to a laugh of society and

responsibilities, forced to wear a mask in order to fight crime. Little had she known that crime was fun, the Joker was king, and all else was an illusion to do away with. They would rule and destroy all the joylessness of the world in due time. Everyone would have a smile.

“No, Duela,” Batgirl said, finally rising out to Duela’s vocal cords. “I will not allow you to do this to me. I’ve fought too long and hard for all of this. I will not allow you to make me... into.. a clown!”

Duela’s hand reached into her closet, no longer in her own control... or was it Joker’s... or was it Batgirl’s? It had to be Batgirl’s now, her hand reaching into her Batbelt and pulling out an unfoldable, metal batarang.

“I will not go down!” Batgirl screamed as she threw the batarang.

Smash! The batarang landed into the TV, short circuiting it. The spiralling monstrosity stopped. Peace was restored.

Batgirl walked over to the DVD player and pressed the eject button. The disc popped out. Grabbing the disc, Batgirl’s hands started to break the round flat mind controlling device into bits.

“Nice try, Joker... close, but no cigar.” Batgirl growled as she ripped off the bow tie and the vest. “You can dress me up in your whore’s clothing, paint my face, and invade my mind with your idiotic erotic narcissistic thoughts, but you could never possess my real mind. When we meet again, I will handle you on my terms, not yours. I’m not to be owned like some clown doll.”

Batgirl really wanted to rush out and fight Joker. It would take way too much time to get out of the clown clothes, she thought. Maybe all she needed was her utility belt. Joker knew her identity now, which didn’t work in her favor at all. Anger raged within her. She could take the clown out.

“It’s time to go,” Batgirl thought. Not wanting to waste a minute, she grabbed her utility belt and put it on, rushing out of the door. She knew where Harley and Joker would be, waiting for her patiently at the costume shop. They thought they had broken her, replaced her mind and decimated what she had always been. How wrong they were, how truly wrong, and they would find out tonight.

To Be Continued

Duela Dent Part 8: The Final Conversion- Or... Commission

Barbara brushed a hand in her green hair as she drove in her car as fast as she could, checking in the overhead mirror at moments to make sure her makeup was on exactly right. God, it was so hard to see if she had gotten ready appropriately. She thought she had but she could never be too sure. All she knew was that The Joker wanted her to appear at the costume shop right on time, dressed and ready to go.

Who knew how many days she had been struggling like this? Her life was lost. There was nothing that felt familiar anymore. How could she ever go back to the library? Barbara had lost track of time, not even knowing her shift anymore. She was too embarrassed to call in, afraid that her Duela personality could come out at any time and destroy her reputation or, even worse, hurt someone she cared about. She didn't want anyone to have to suffer with the changes she had gone through. It would have probably been best for Barbara to disappear for a while, get things worked out, then come back and apologize. She could work things out with the library, and as Batgirl, she had done it before. Crimefighting had a way of taken her away from her profession from time to time.

This time, however, was fairly different. With the loss of memory, the headaches, and the strange shifting of personalities, Barbara couldn't safely ascertain how much time she would have to make up. She felt like she had been going through this strange limbo between alter egos for a week or less, but what if it were two weeks? Worse enough, what if she had been going through this even longer than that? Barbara didn't want to think about it, or face the truth, but she wondered if she could ever return to her life. Maybe she had lost it forever. Her mind was going, bordering on insanity. If the Joker was trying to make her more like him, make her lose a sense of order and balance, he was being pretty successful so far. He hadn't won her yet, but at any moment, Barbara felt as if she could explode like a walking time bomb.

Barbara's father popped into her mind. Commissioner Gordon. He had probably been worried sick about her. She was used to talking to him every day, calling him and letting him know that she wasn't dead. She was surprised that he hadn't contacted her in a while, or at least it seemed that way according to the cell phone calls she had missed. In her missed calls, she saw numbers from old friends, probably just wanting to check up on her. Still, there were no calls from her father, her workplace, or anyone she deemed most important to her welfare and existence. Maybe the Commissioner had always reasoned Barbara to be a tough woman, a stand up daughter that didn't need to be checked on.

"God, dad, aren't you worried sick about me?" Barbara realized how much she missed her father. How long had it been since she saw his silly mustache that she always told him to shave because it would make him look younger? When did she last see his thick framed glasses with equally thick lens, his old fashioned haircut combed to the side, his drab trenchcoat, his pale white skin... ruby red lips... green hair.

“Daddy?”

Barbara shook her head. Oh no, she thought, what was happening? One minute she was thinking about her father, Commissioner Gordon, an important official of the Gotham Police Department. The next minute she was thinking of the sadistic, psychopathic, chaotic criminal that held the city on edge without mercy- The Joker.

Daddy.

“Stop,” Barbara said aloud and with embarrassment, trying to take control of her wandering brain. “Stop. Just pay attention to the damn road.”

Barbara finally arrived at her destination. After she pulled into a parking lot and took the key out of the ignition, Barbara took a deep breath and looked at the costume shop across the lot. What was she doing here? She was cognizant, she could think and control her actions, yet she was playing so feebly into the Joker’s hands. He wanted her to come here and work, to do whatever errands he had commanded Harley to give her. Barbara could bet that the clown was just going to drag this all out as long as he could, continuing to make a joke out of her. It was like she was some science experiment, a fun little toy to play with and see how far Joker could go before finally claiming her altogether. Joker had done some horrific things and he had dabbled in mind control before. Still, Barbara had never tagged him as an expert in hypnosis. That subject was always best in the hands of The Mad Hatter, Gotham’s prime mind controller. Joker had proven himself well, however. The joke was truly on Barbara.

“I got to check on daddy.” Barbara said with a sigh as she looked at her phone. There it was: the number of the commissioner’s office. Barbara placed her call and waited patiently as the phone rang.

Someone finally picked up and answered in an Irish accent. “Hello, Gotham Police Department.”

“Oh, Chief O’Hara,” Barbara said with a smile, relieved to hear a familiar voice. “I’m trying to reach daddy. Is he in now?”

“Hey there, lass! Didn’t your dad tell you about the trip?”

Barbara’s lips trembled. “T-t-trip?”

“Yes, he’s on leave. Went out of town four days ago. I’m surprised he didn’t tell you. He took it rather abruptly.”

“Ah, I see. Yes, of course. Well, I guess I’ll wait for him to call me. Only number I have

for dad is the office and the house. I keep telling him to get a cell.”

“Y’know how the commissioner is with gadgets! I wish he’d learn a thing from Batman.”

Barbara giggled. “Yes, that would be nice, wouldn’t it? Oh well... thanks again, chief. Talk to you soon.”

“No problem, lass. G’bye.”

Barbara closed her phone as she sighed, feeling a bit of rage. Why hadn’t her father told her that he was going out of town? She didn’t see his phone number once in the missed calls documented throughout the week. Was he trying to get some alone time? He did disappear at points- police work could be stressful. Even so, Commissioner Gordon had always alerted his daughter when he left. This was the first time Barbara felt like she was out of the loop with her father’s affairs and she didn’t feel happy about it.

“I guess you’ll get back to me when you want to, dad.” Barbara said, holding back her frustrations. She nearly got out of the car before considering her job again. Perhaps it wasn’t so good to ignore it, to act like she could just return and make things right. I should at least call, she thought.

Barbara dialed the public library. When the phone was answered, she recognized the voice saying hello instantly. It was another librarian- Valerie was her name.

“Val,” Barbara answered.

There were a moment of silence before Valerie responded. “Oh. Why... Barbara. How good of you to call!”

“Look Valerie... I’m sorry if I’ve missed some days, it’s just that I’ve-”

“Oh no, we completely understand! You had to take care of some things with your daddy.”

Barbara raised her left brow with confusion. “Wait, what?”

“Commissioner Gordon, right? You called a few days ago, saying you’d be out and helping your daddy run a few errands. How is he?”

Barbara felt shock run through her body. None of her memories brought back any phone calls she made telling the library that she would be spending time with her father. “Yes, he’s fine... we’re still working through some stuff, but he’s fine. It’s just taking longer than I thought.”

"Barbara, you always work so hard for the library here. Don't worry, you have a lot of leave time. Family is important. Take all the time that you need."

"Thanks."

"By the way, how did the comedy show go?"

"... comedy show?"

"That you said you were helping your father with? You brought it up on the voice mail."

"G-good. Yeah, it was... um... interesting."

"Yeah. He seems like such a somber man on TV. I didn't expect him to be a comedian as well!"

"He can be a card. Listen, Val, thank you for everything. Tell everyone else I send my thanks."

"Sure, Barbara, you don't have to thank us. Be safe."

"Bye."

Joker. Barbara sneered as she closed her phone for a final time and threw it on the back seat. Joker had done all of this! He made her call her work and tell them some made up excuse. She referred to the Joker as her daddy on the phone. He was doing his worst in making her over as his daughter, Duella Dent, and Barbara had been playing into his hands like putty. Just how much control did she have left? And her father... Barbara didn't have enough time to think about where he could have ended up or where he went. She knew that he liked the woods and nature. He had probably gotten a few guns and disappeared somewhere, hunting and trying to forget the stress of Gotham City. Barbara didn't know how he did it without going off the deep end.

I'm just wasting time, Barbara thought. She knew she didn't want to go back into that costume shop, but she had to, and the urge was pulling her. She had to obey the Joker, to do as he said. There was no other choice.

Finally, Barbara got out of the car, Barbara checked her belt and made sure it was on tight. She tugged on her tight purple shorts a bit as she walked towards the shop. The past few days had been a crazy ride, struggling with her split personalities. Barbara Gordon was dying as Duella Dent was gaining more ground. Barbara had become far more zany, even wittier in a darker, more mischievous way. Sure, she had traded a crime fighting pun or joke with Batman

a number of times, quite often, but things were way different under Joker's wing. She found the darkest things funny, the most sinister things amusing. It was a byproduct of the mind control and she would be lying if she didn't admit to herself that she loved it. That was all a fact.

Barbara, however, was still holding on. Her true personality wasn't dead just yet, and she knew The Joker was evil. Such knowledge had created a strong rift in her newly dual nature, causing Barbara to hate and despise the planted Duella personality that was trying to rip her out of the equation. Everything was far too much for her to handle, but she had to be strong, for her own sake.

Barbara opened the door of the costume shop and looked inside.

"Hello?" She shouted out loud after closing the door behind her. "Joker? Harley? I'm here, just like you wanted."

Barbara walked further into the costume shop. The size of the place was unbelievable. She really felt like it was a warehouse more than a mere costume shop. The aisles were filled with an assortment of costumes- historical pieces, celebrity masks, and even fake magical cloaks and robes among other things. Barbara had to cringe as she walked through the clowning section, thinking she may have found Harley there, waiting to do more humiliating things to her wardrobe. She found no one.

Groaning, Barbara called out again. "Joker! Harley! I came like you wanted. I don't want any games now. If we're going to do what you want, just do it!"

Walking out of the aisles and towards the cashier's desk, Barbara noticed a note on the counter. She picked up the letter as soon as she approached the desk, realizing it was a very small paper leaflet. There was writing scrawled on its surface and Barbara immediately recognized the writing as Joker's, though she couldn't tell if the kiss print accompanying it was his or Harley's.

Come on out to the show, Babs, the letter said. Our wild and crazy abandoned circus. The map is in the register. Stage left, xoxo Joker.

The creep, Barbara thought venomously.

She hated him. Despised him. She had to go though. She was under his control, under his power, and she couldn't defy him, even in the conscious state Joker gave Barbara, keeping her mind enslaved in some sickening joke. She would have to leave the costume shop immediately and go meet her new master and mistress, Joker and Harley. No fiber in her body was strong enough to allow her to resist the Joker's hypnotic command.

Barbara looked at the cash register and opened it. The map was there, just as the note

had instructed it would be. Barbara tried to look over the trails and see if she could figure it out. It didn't take too long- she knew where it was, on the outskirts of Gotham and not too far either. It would probably take less than a 20 minute drive if she gunned it on the freeway.

Folding up the map, Barbara shook her head as she headed towards the door. Why was nothing with the Joker ever easy?

When Barbara arrived to the outside of the big top, she gave it a look up and down. She remembered it alright- those tall cylinder cones stretching towards a singular point in the sky. There were some popcorn stands outside, cotton candy stands, and even empty animal cages. The outside lot and field was littered with circus paraphernalia. Yes, of course, she was definitely in the right place. What other place would be most perfect for The Joker?

Barbara walked up to the big top cautiously. She couldn't be too sure of what The Joker's plans were for her here. She had to be careful. The Joker was a sadistic fellow. What if he had spent all this time to brainwash her, making her into his new Duella Dent, just to kill her? Wouldn't the irony fit his twisted brain, his chaotic need to destroy and control? It would be just perfect, the ultimate joke for the clown. Then again, there was that other possibility, the actual need he may have felt to have a real addition to his clown family. Maybe he really did value Duella Dent as his daughter, as his comrade in crime, just the way he felt Harley did by less or more. Barbara tried not to think about it, knowing how complicated it was to understand the Joker's motives' but she couldn't stop. Psychologically, he was the most elusive and hard to pinpoint villains she, Batman or Robin ever had to deal with. Being mentally brainwashed by such a mysterious buffoon was even more scary of a thought to deal with.

As she finally entered the tent, Barbara felt her bones chill as she heard mechanical laughter rushing past her from overhead speakers. She found herself at the entrance of a hall of mirrors. Everywhere around her were mirrors of different sizes and proportions. She saw huge and small representation of herself. On the floor, beside her feet, Barbara immediately saw another note that was most likely left by the clown prince. She picked it up carefully, covering her nose just in case some weird gas would shoot out of the floorboards. Relieved that nothing caught her by surprise, Barbara lifted the note up from the floor and stood up, reading it. The note was very simple:

Catch us if you can :p Joker xxxx

The fiend! Barbara thought with annoyance.

Her horrible dream refused to end. Yet another goosechase with the Joker, Barbara thought as she moved into the hall of mirrors and started to walk in its winding maze. She hated to be treated like some toy, some thing for amusement being forced into playtime with a

psychotic maniac. She thought about how much damage she would do to the Joker once she was able to break out of his mind control. She could see her fists punching out his teeth, her elbows landing against the top of her head, knocking him out. She could do it. She had to be patience, stall him out as she played his game. He was the criminal. She had taken him down before. She would do it again.

As Barbara looked at the mirrors moving by her with each step, she couldn't see herself anymore. All she saw was Duela- her green hair, her clownish face, her silly clothes. Nothing belonged to Barbara at all. The entire scene was a comic tragedy, teasing her, making her feel completely at ease. She tried to block it out as she moved down the trails, but the glass reflected her hated doppelganger perfectly, making her feel more lost than she ever felt in her life.

You know you could just give it up, don't you?

The voice came from her thoughts. It must have. Still, she knew the voice. It was Duela. Duela was talking to her from the mirrors, from the glass surfaces.

You could just go down the mirror path. Embrace your true self. Leave boring old Barbara behind. Have fun. You know you want to. HAHHAHA.

No, Barbara thought angrily. No, I don't want to, and I never will. I will never give into you, never.

Come on, it's so much fun!

The mirrors continued to wind in half circles and loops, over and over again, taking her all over the place. If she reached a dead end, she turned back around and went to another possible route, never giving up.

Give up. Do it.

"Shut up!" Barbara shouted before bumping into someone. Barbara gasped, realizing she had walked into a woman. Was it Harley? No. It was a woman wearing a beret, her color scheme existing in only black and white, her shirt striped. Barbara realized she had the face of a mime.

"Oh my-" Barbara felt memories flood back in her mind. "Vicki? Vicki Vale."

It was her, alright. Vicki Vale. Barbara could remember the night that she helped Joker and Harley transform Vick Vale into a mime. She had been brainwashed the same way Barbara had been brainwashed, and with Barbara's help. A strong sense of shame and guilt flooded through the former Batgirl's senses as she saw the helpless damsel.

Vicki said nothing, not that she could speak even if she wanted to. She only moved her hands up and down in space, pressed against nothing, miming actions and seemingly aloof from the world.

“Vicki?” Barbara grabbed the mime girl’s shoulders. “Vicki, my god, what are you doing? Why are you acting like this?”

Vicki’s aloof behavior continued. She moved around aimlessly until a minute passed. Finally, she started to wave at Barbara, showing some connection to the world around her. She pulled on an imaginary rope, hoping Barbara would play along, acting like Vicki was pulling her closer.

Barbara couldn’t entertain the hypnotised mime. “Vicki! Snap to your senses. Don’t you see what the Joker is trying to do to us?”

Vicki shrugged.

Sighing, Barbara looked around. What could she do. The mime could really hold her back. Should she just leave her there, move on and look for Joker and Harley?

You’re just as guilty, you know? Just like daddy.

“Shut up!” Barbara screamed at one of the mirrors.

You did this to her. You made her a clown freak like you.

“That’s not true! None of it!” Barbara slammed her fist into another nearby mirror, making it crack. The mirror slowly shattered before broken glass fell on the floorboards.

It couldn’t be true. Joker and Harley brainwashed Barbara, hypnotised her so that she could hypnotise others. Barbara didn’t want to do those things to Vicki.

There’s no need to be ashamed, another reflection said. Besides, you’re not Barbara anymore. You’re Duela. And Duela loves brainwashing more girls for The Joker. You love it.

“I”m not Duela... I don’t enjoy brainwashing anyone.”

You don’t need to deny it. It’s fun for you. You really love to do it, and you love to make The Joker happy by bringing him more lovely clown faced women to corrupt and use for his jokes. Admit it. The truth will set you free.

Barbara suddenly snapped out of a brief trance. She realized she had been smiling at her reflection for two or more minutes. She turned to look at Vicki. The woman was still

dancing around like an idiot buffoon, completely crazed. What a buffoon. At least she looked carefree and happy.

I give up, Barbara thought. She would have to come back to Vicki Vale later. She knew that once she was able to save herself, she would be able to save the mime. Joker and Harley were still waiting for her somewhere. Barbara moved on, moving down more hallways of glass. A few dead ends came up but she would merely turn around again and find another route. She only had to cross Vicki's path again once. Before long, she knew she was moving deeper through the maze, no mirror possessing the same kind of reflection. She was in the pit of Joker's fun house now, and there was no turning back. The maze would have to be completed in its entirety.

Turning down another corner, Barbara encountered a strange box. It had such an interesting, clownish design on it, which wasn't surprising. What else could she expect in the Joker's lair?

At first, Barbara thought that the box could be a trap. If anything, it could be a bomb, some explosive that the Joker wanted Barbara to foolishly try to open. Maybe it had knockout gas, smilex, or some other sort of joke vapor that her enemy would want to fill it up with. Thoughts of the box being a weapon didn't take too long to go away as Barbara felt like she was staring at something very familiar. Yes- she had seen this box before. It wasn't new to her in the slightest. There was a big crank on the side of it that she knew, the design resonating with her memory somehow. Yes, there was something inside of that box. Not a weapon, but something important, something that would jog her memory better.

Barbara approached the box carefully. She put her hands on the crank and slowly started to tug on it. A familiar tune sounded from it. It was the song often acquainted with Jack in the Boxes- Pop Goes The Weasel. Barbara remembered the tune well from her old childhood. Yes, it was what she expected the box to be, a Jack in the Box item that fit Joker's motif well. This one, however, was special. Barbara knew it, and her strong certainty scared her.

The tune ended as the box's lid literally popped open. Another familiar figure sprung out, attached to a boinging coil that sounded loudly. The box didn't have a regular jack in it- this was a living person. Barbara recognized the box's captive instantly. Selina Kyle was in the springs of her own Jack in the Box, bouncing lightly and dressed as a jester, smiling idiotically in her bouncing prison.

Jill in the box, Barbara remembered. *Joker called it a freaking Jill in the Box. Sick bastard.*

Barbara walked around the box, feeling both pity and disgust as she looked up at Selena's face. How terrible. It was sad to see a woman that had always been so strong

trapped in such a demented and degrading position. The Joker had her where he wanted her- a cat literally cornered, caught in his springing trap like a rodent. If only she could break free.

Not fooled by the happy look on Selina's face, Barbara plotted quickly, wishing to get the catwoman out of her slavery. She rushed up to the box and pried around it, studied it outside and knocked on its surface. It was a tough steel, painted bright and happily, bolts running alongside its corners and sides. Barbara knew she wasn't strong enough to break it without any of her bat gadgets. She placed her hands on the coils that wrapped around Selina and tugged on them. They are clamped tight against the woman, holding Catwoman fast, refusing to yield in the slightest. Barbara continued to tug on the coils in vain, knowing her efforts were a waste of time, but she couldn't deaden the frustration boiling inside of her.

"Break, damn it, break!" Barbara shouted as she pulled, refusing to let go. A great empathy was felt for her feline nemesis, once one of her greatest rivals. Selina Kyle the Catwoman had always been such a cold and removed woman, only focused on heists, stealing jewels and seducing weak minded men. Now, like the very submissive males she had always outwitted, Selina was a mere slave to the whims of another, bobbing up and down in a metal trap.

"Don't worry, Selina," Barbara said as she could feel herself beginning to sweat from her difficult task, "I'll get you out somehow."

Suddenly, Selina started to laugh. The laugh was boisterous, wild, scary. Barbara felt her skin shiver as she looked at Selina's face. The eyes showed so much fear, so much pain and uncertainty, but those lips betrayed the gaze of Selina's pupils. Her lips were filled with joy, overflowing with mirth, laughing at the failed attempts of Barbara trying to save her- just like Joker had trained the poor Catwoman to laugh.

"Stop, Selina!" Barbara shouted as she looked at the helpless jester. "You have to be strong. You're not some stupid fool in a box. You're Catwoman. Catwoman! Don't you remember? Snap out of it!"

Barbara tried in vain to get Catwoman's attention. It was all a waste of time. Catwoman continued to laugh in her well adorned motley, her cap and bells jingling and bouncing on her head. The sadness that had filled her eyes suddenly seemed to betray themselves as madness shined through them. How long had Catwoman been trapped like this? It was amazing that she hadn't fully lost her mind yet. Even so, Barbara knew that even someone as strong as Selina Kyle wouldn't be able to maintain her sanity for long in such an awful position.

"I'm happy like this!" Selina suddenly said as her laughter started to calm down.

"Wha-?" Barbara stepped back in shock, looking at the captured jester with terrified eyes.

"I'm happy like this!" Selina exclaimed again. "I love being the Joker's Jill in the Box. It's the perfect life for me!" The woman's laughter picked up again, her eyes wide, her sides aching.

"Joker," Barbara growled with anger, loudly, "I swear, when I find you-"

Laughter filled the funhouse. It wasn't Selina's this time. It was undoubtedly the Joker's. Coming from all directions, Barbara assumed that the laughter was coming from speakers all over the maze, bouncing off of the mirrors, helping to conceal the clown prince like the enigma he was, making it difficult to track him down. The entire place was filled with illusions. Projected auditory distortions filling the air like old theatre magic tricks, surrounding glass broadcasting imaginary visual lies. All was a joke to Joker. The entire world was a comedy, nothing to be taken seriously, nothing to be seen as real. That's what Vicki Vale was to him, Selina, Barbara, everyone. Even Harley Quinn, the stupid dunce that would probably break her back just to make her demonically deranged man happy. Jokes. Gags. Laughs.

"You should just give up," Selina said as her laughter slowed down once again. "This place is so free of distractions and boring stuff. I'm free of worry, free of anxiety. The world is a stage, and we're on it! I was such a slave in the real world, such a cog in a machine... and now I'm able to live my true destiny! Thanks to you and Mr. J of course." As expected, Selina couldn't hold her composure too long, letting her laughter take over once again.

"No..." Barbara shook her head, tears starting to stream down her face. "This... I didn't want to do this... the Joker brainwashed me-"

"And you brainwashed us! You brainwashed us!" Selina's howling, cackling chuckles bounced off the the glass walls.

You know she's right, don't you? Duela's image questioned Barbara from all of the surrounding mirrors, looking at her intensely without offering any peace. You remember, don't you? How you brainwashed Selena... Vicki...

"Remember the KO gas? Remember how you helped Vicki get dressed up? I bet you looked like you were having the time of your life! Of course you did! You helped her become her true mime self."

"It's not that simple, Selina. It wasn't-"

"You did this to us!"

"It was the Joker! Don't you see he did this to all of us?"

"No! You worked together, as a team. You liberated us. You were perfect!"

Duela...

Barbara had to shake her head. She had to ignore the images of Duela shining from the mirrors, taunting her, teasing her, lying to her. No. She couldn't lose. She couldn't let The Joker warp her mind permanently. The other captives had to be saved.

Just wait until I get my hands on you, Joker, Barbara thought as she left the Catwoman behind, walking deeper into the hall of mirrors. It hurt Barbara that she couldn't stay with her, couldn't try to help her. She felt as if she was failing Vicki and Selena. Their strange clownish state could only be her fault. She remembered brainwashing them, helping the Joker and Harley Quinn, entering a world of crime disguised in motley and merry antics. What was becoming of her? What would become of all of them?

The image of Duela kept looking at Barbara as she moved down the hall. She started to run, her gait becoming faster and wider. She just wanted to find Joker, wanted to get him back for what he did, save his victims. If only she could make things right. She didn't want to think of the possibility of being lost in those winding mirror tunnels forever, stuck in Joker's circus as another one of his brainwashed victims, losing her mind forever.

Barbara stopped at an intersection. She had to take a breather. The anxiety was making her panic. As she tried to center herself, gain some clarity and think straight, Barbara rested her back against one of the mirrors. It was working- she could feel her jitters calming down, her adrenaline rush falling from its peak. Even as her body felt more relaxed and less tense, she couldn't shake away the guilt that kept flying in her thoughts. Vicki and Selina's faces wouldn't leave her mind. She knew she was responsible for their states. If only she hadn't be captured by Joker and Harley in the first place. If she hadn't been brainwashed to begin with, hadn't allowed them to be put into a trance, then she wouldn't have been an accomplice to their crimes. She would have been able to stop them, to make them give up their wicked shenanigans and send them back to Arkham. At this point, Barbara had to be honest. Things were looking hopeless. She didn't know if she could take on the Joker at this point. He had allowed his control to have such a tight grip on her psyche. Even in the hall of mirrors, she felt like Joker was the puppeteer, only allowing Barbara to do enough to feel a small sense of mental control. There was no freedom on her part. She couldn't resist the clown prince. She was his slave, his hypnotized toy, forever.

"I don't want to be," Barbara protested under her breath. "I can't be."

Barbara could remember dressing Vicki up, laughing as she made her become a pawn of the Joker. The memories were so embarrassing yet they made Barbara's skin radiate with heat, her heart swoon with emotion. Yes, remembering Vicki in such a scary position made Barbara hot. She couldn't believe what euphoria she felt from those stored mental images, her dopamine levels bouncing off the charts. She couldn't tell if The Joker had made her into a

monster or if he had brought a dormant monster out of her. Whatever it was, it was driving her nuts.

Just give up already.

Barbara lifted her back from the mirror and turned around to face it. She stared deep into the eyes of Duela, looking back at her.

Well, how long are you going to keep this up? You want to pretend forever? Barbara is dead. Submit.

"No." Barbara shook her head. "Of course not. Never. I won't ever submit. I'll never give up."

You have to. Because Joker will make you.

Barbara pressed her hand against the glass.

Enjoy yourself as Duela Dent. It's a much better life than that old one. Think about it. So far, you've been Barbara in the daytime and this alter ego at night. You're owned by the Joker. Harley has you working in her store. You're already theirs. Why play this serade? Get rid of the facade. You're Duela Dent. Duela. You're me.

"No..." Barbara grabbed her head, moved her hands frantically through her green tresses. "No, no, no..."

You're Duela Dent. As of now, as of always, you'll always be Duela. Even if you try fighting back, you know it's impossible to kill this new side of yourself. It's taken over completely. Just accept it.

Barbara wanted to shake her head. She wanted to offer more protests. Smashing the mirror would have been nice. She couldn't do any of those things, even if she wanted to. The woman in the mirror was right. Duela was right. She was right. She was Duela, and there was nothing she could do to change it.

"Accept your destiny."

Barbara had to agree. Duela had to agree.

Duela had to agree. Yes.

Yes. Duela has to agree. Submit. Give in. Accept.

Yes. Those were the logical things to do.

The new self is the real self. The complete self. Duela Dent, the Joker's Daughter.

Yes.

Barbara and Batgirl are dead.

Duela couldn't resist anymore. All hesitations were out of the window now.

"You're right." Duela pressed her face against her reflection in the mirror. "You're right! I'm not Batgirl anymore. I'm not Barbara anymore. I'm Duela. Duela Dent, the Joker's Daughter. Batgirl is dead. Barbara is dead. I'm Duela. Duela. Duela Dent! Yes!"

Laughter echoed from Duela's lips. She couldn't even keep track of her thoughts anymore as they seemed to evaporate into space, emptiness replacing them. The Joker's Daughter had been revived completely and she was insane, mad as wild and unrelenting stormy weather. She reveled in the glass reflections around her, her eyes bugged out as her hands rubbed delicately against her aching sides. Happiness flooded her system as she finally claimed her destiny. There would be no alter ego, no other self that she would ever have to fight or argue with again. No- this time she was the Joker's, ready to give her life for his dominance and control.

The woman had to bend her back, doubling over as she chuckled mercilessly.

"Bravo!" an unforgettable voice said from behind a wall of mirrors. "Excelente! Felissimo!"

It was then that he slowly appeared. After the mechanical shifting of a few mirrors from a dead end wall, Duela could see The Joker. As the glass wall moved out of the way, it twitched and twirled with motors sounding, allowing the seemingly natural starch white face of the most dangerous clown in the world to surface. His wide grin seemed to be accompanied with the mischievous joy and impish air of death and disease. The green pupils in his eyes shimmered like an unending and strange field, meeting Duela's eyes like a magnet. She stared back at the man as the mirror wall went down in front of him, revealing an opening. Duela knew her father well, the man that created her, that liberated her from a false life of order and boredom. Beside him was his loyal woman, the playful yet deadly Harley Quinn, her gloved hands holding onto the clown's right arm.

"Daddy."

As the mirror wall parted for him, the Joker stepped forward. His ruby red smile glimmered with white teeth like crystals. His hands were clapping as Harley clapped alongside

him, whistling in cheers. "Duela dear... it looks like you've finally come to your senses."

"Oh, you know I was always on your side, daddy. Just had to go through some final changes, that's all."

"Of course, pumpkin." Joker turned to Harley. "Harl. Go get the others."

"A-ok, Mistah J," Harley said enthusiastically before she ran down the same hallway Duela had come from earlier.

Duela walked up to The Joker, staring deep into his eyes before she lifted up a hand to his cheek. Her soft, gentle touch could feel his strong jaw line as he smiled at her, causing her to smile as well.

"Did you really have to go through all of this trouble, daddy?" Duela licked her lips. "I mean, if you just wanted me under your control, you could have just taken me in one go."

"Honey... you know that wouldn't have been as fun."

".... I should have guessed."

The Joker grabbed the woman's wrist and pulled her hand down from his face, his grin never leaving. "I needed you to put Vicki and Catwoman under my power as well. They had nothing going for them. Catwoman wastes her nights, prowling around the city without a leash. It's only right that I put her in a box, to keep her safe and secure."

"Of course."

"And Vicki always wasted her time taking pictures and reporting news broadcasts, trying to get back in her prime that came and went. I have a better plan for her. I have a better plan for all of you. You'll see, very soon. You did me proud. I needed your services in bringing them on board."

Smiling and blushing, Duela looked down to the floor.

"Just like I'll need you to bring the entire city of Gotham to my feet. I didn't want to make you do it if your heart wasn't in it. I gave you a choice- Barbara or Duela. You chose the right way... the fun way."

Duela nodded.

The Joker leaned in, pressing his lips against Duela's. Her eyes rolled back as her head pressed back against his. She felt like her skin would melt when The Joker wrapped his arm

around her waist. She pressed her hips against his, pulling her free hand behind his back. The tongue of the clown prince clashed against hers. It was like some long awaited event that finally come to fruition. Duela Dent was his, fully ready and awaiting orders. She wondered how long he waited for her to finally snap, to allow the chaotic madness to take over and make her embrace her new identity. So many questions swirled around her head as she tried to make sense of what couldn't be pieced together, a whirlwind of information that ultimately didn't matter. Her wet tongue continued to swirl against The Joker's, her green hair brushing against her cheeks. those red lips interlocked perfectly. The Joker kept his hand pressed along the surface of her well formed ass and Duela started to moan, feeling at home.

The kiss finally ended as they heard footsteps. Harley had returned. Behind her, the mime once known as Vicki Vale was pushing a big Jill in the Box. A jester woman still bounced in the opening of the box, stuck in her springy prison.

All of the mirrors were slowly moving into the floor, disconnecting from each and disappearing as the motors rumbled loudly. The glass walls shifted and sank into cracks, revealing how huge the big top tent really was. Duela felt like she had been wandering through the halls so long, she had forgotten that she had entered a circus tent in the first place.

Joker grabbed the woman's attention again, holding her face as he looked back into her eyes. "Duela. There was only one way out of this maze. You chose it. If you had never let your true self come out, you would have died along with Barbara."

Duela laughed hysterically. She didn't even question why being confronted with the reality of her possible death amused her. What other explanation could there have been? She was a chip off the old block, another evil and crazed clown for Gotham to fear.'

Joker chuckled. "That's right, sweetheart. But I knew she would give in eventually. You were too strong, too cunning for her, just as I programmed you to be."

"Anything to make you happy, daddy. What's our next step? Our plans?"

"Our plans. Oh, honey, you don't have to worry about that for now?"

"No?"

Harley came behind Duela and wrapped her arm around her shoulders. "Only thing you need to know is that you got to get up early enough for work. I'll be driving you to the costume shop early. We've got inventory."

Duela smiled and nodded. "Of course."

Harley grinned and pressed her hand against Duela's stomach, winking at her. "Now,

don't you think we should go and have some fun with our friends?

Duela looked back at the Jill in the Box and the mime. The mime was making funny, silent motions in the air, lost in her own world. The Jill in the Box could do nothing but smile happily in her coiling bonds.

"We have a long night ahead of us, don't we?" Duela asked.

"We sure do." Harley kept her arm wrapped around Duela and she turned her around. The two walked towards their waiting, hypnotised friends. "Let's have some fun."

Joker's rubbed his hands together with an ecstatic chuckle. "I'll start off by watching and join you ladies after you get comfortable."

It was from that moment on that Duela would never wake up forgetting an entire night again.

End

Duela Dent Epilogue Commission

It had been a year since Barbara Gordon gave up her life as a librarian and threw away her mantle as Batgirl, becoming the 2nd Duela Dent. Even so, she had to maintain her personal identity in order to remain discrete, protecting the operations of her boss, The Joker.

For a short while, she continued to work under The Joker at his costume store, gaining experience and learning the trade. Stores served as the excellent front operations for criminals, allowing them to commit all sorts of atrocities on the side without suspicion. In order to lessen any trouble that could come from authorities, Batgirl opened her own store selling books, a business that no one would easily pin back to The Joker.

Batman had come back from his long trip out of town. For a while, Barbara had to keep up a farce, to fool Batman into thinking that she had merely moved on from her Batgirl role. It was only logical that Barbara Gordon, the girl next door that loved books, would merely want to move on and open her own book store instead of continue work as a librarian. Besides, it was way better than someone as creepy as The Bookworm owning such a business. Barbara had been successful in convincing Batman that she had grown weary of her role of Batgirl, and in a few months time, he respected her wishes in being left alone entirely. Besides, Batman was still busy with a few missing persons cases, looking for Selena Kyle and Vicki Vale, two well known ladies that had mysteriously disappeared. Although he was certain that The Joker must have had a hand in it, no thought would ever connect Batgirl to all of the chaos and madness...

A few months after Batman had given Barbara space, she added a new collection of items to the inventory of her store- costumes. Yes, just enough time had elapsed for Barbara to have expand on her business and invite items that The Joker could be proud of without arousing suspicion from Batman and the authorities. Besides, no one had even began to crack down on Joker and Harley's costume shop yet, as the two villains remained out of the public eye for months, sending their minions to do their dirty work.

In Barbara's daily work as a bookstore owner, her appearance had changed somewhat over time. She still had the short emo green hair with sharp bangs from her Duela identity but kept it securely hidden, wearing a red wig of a matching style during the day. The classic "Barbara" hair look would help her blend in with the world she once knew. It kept her father happy without suspecting anything out of the ordinary during their visits, kept the city police in her graces, and even let her visit the library from time to time to catch up with old friends, chat and gossip. During the afternoons, with her Duela Dent ego safely tucked away, she exchanged her purple star earrings for stylish, crystal studs. Her wild, eccentric Duela Dent clothes were stored away and she wore something more conservative though casual and comfortable.

Over the months, Barbara's physique as a strong crimefighter had changed as well. She had lost some bulky muscle though she had gained more in flexibility and agility. Her form and

structure had more of a gymnast feel to her body, like Harley, and Barbara still had a great figure. Her beautiful face, slightly more sleek and streamlined, still remained the same, pretty as always. Her crystal blue eyes still seemed to penetrate the world with a soft stare.

On this particular day, Barbara was in a hurry to get ready to run her store. Barbara had to decide what clothes would fit her this evening. Ultimately, her decision fell upon a Harley themed suit for the night, something of red and black diamonds and checkers. Yesterday night, her apparel screamed with the colors of The Joker, green and purple with a yellow carnation, so she wanted to switch things up and keep life fresh.

Grabbing a pair of clothes and accessories from the costume aisles, Barbara headed to the back of the shop and into her office, which served as the perfect dressing room, whether for a work day or after hour hijinks. After pulling her more conservative clothing to the ground and stripping naked from head to toe, Barbara slipped on some red lingerie. Then, she put on a nice, sleek fitting, tight black top. After the top pressed against her breasts and outlined her upper torso perfectly, she slipped on a checkered red and black mini skirt. Everything was already matching perfectly before Barbara put on the red and black striped tights; now she was in heaven. Her transformation was almost complete. All she needed now was a proper doll face and the right pair of shoes. Once the base of white was formed on her lovely visage, the ex-crimefighter puckered up and applied black lipstick over her full, shapely lips. She followed her face design up with black eyeshadow over her lovely eyes. Finally, she finished by slipping on some long, battering eyelashes, black heels and elbow length black gloves.

Only a few customers came in that day, which was how Barbara wanted things to be. She wanted to run a low key business, and so far, she had been successful. Joker had taught her how to be a good salesperson. When people came in, asking for complicated books like Finnigan's Wake or V., Barbara's would gently laugh and coerce them to visit her section of joke books. Besides, she would say quite convincingly, they were *much* better. There hadn't been a customer yet that wouldn't eventually cave into Barbara's suggestion and leave with a ton of funny books.

Once the work hours were over, however, Barbara only had a few hours to switch into her next persona. Barbara went to her office and closed the door behind her. Then, she stripped out of her work clothes, removing her wig to change into her Duella Dent costume. She slipped on her tight fitting purple top while playfully pumping her breasts, feeling so good to being who she truly was on the inside, letting it show for the world to see. She then slipped on her green vest with a matching bow tie as well as a joke carnation. Next, she slipped on a black mini skirt before slipping on a pair of latex green and purple striped stockings. Grabbing some white greasepaint, she made sure her face was completely covered before powdering it properly.

The clown girl did a quick modelling job in front of the mirror before sitting down for her makeup. She quickly applied some more clown white on her face, neck, and ears before

applying powder over the base, just to make sure it stuck and smoothly stood on her skin. Next, she applied some red lipstick over her lips while making sure to extend it for the perfect Joker smile. She applied some blush and mixed blue eyeshadow in for a nice light purple. Finally, she slipped on her purple gloves to finish her look. The woman looked dazzling. The change was perfect and complete. Lovely Barbara Gordon was now her true self, her realest form, Duella Dent.

Barbara's nights were filled with secret operations, heists and robberies. That's when she became Duella Dent, Joker's daughter and prized clown girl. She had a variety of costumes and apparel to wear, and this particular night wouldn't be any different. After locking up her book shop and going on a night about the town,

As Duella came out of the office and adjusted her earrings, she heard a knock at the back door. The knocking didn't startle her one bit; she had a few guests that she expected to arrive at exactly this moment, and they had lots of work to do.

Duella owned the door with a warm smile. She greeted the guests kindly. Though they weren't in their clown uniforms yet, she knew them well by their unhidden, human faces. There was the former Huntress, a sad looking clown rechristened as Moonlight, Black Canary, a bright auguste clown renamed Sunshine, along with Vickie Vale the mime and Selina the toy-like jester. Duella jokingly thought of how kind Mr. J was to let Selina out of her box for the evening. All of them had big, oversized bags carrying their costumes for the evening.

For now, all of the girls were uniformed in a black dress with black gloves, green stockings and heels. They worked throughout the day, selling some costumes in malls and stores before the night approached, expanding Joker's business.

"What's the plan now, Duella?" Moonshine asked.

Duella stepped out and locked the back door behind her, not even bothering to invite the lady's in. They didn't have time for it, and they were already in a hurry to be punctual.

"It's time to go out and meet with Mr. J," Duella said with a wide smirk.

"What does Joker want us to do tonight?" Sunshine asked with intrigue.

"We'll figure that out once we get there. For now, all you need to know is that it's time to head to the big top. Tonight's act is very important, and it's imperative that we're all present for Joker's well planned show."

"Can we at least get dressed here?" Selena asked.

“Oh... alright. You should have already been dressed, but I guess you had a busy day selling costumes.” Duella opened up the shop with a bit of frustration going. “There. Hurry up and make it quick, will you? Or Joker won’t be a happy camper, and we’ll be the jokes for the evening..”

The women rushed into the store and raced to Duella’s office and she locked up behind them. Following them into the office, Duella watched the women as they dropped their bags and pulled their costumes out.

Selina has changed into her Jill in the box costume, lacking the box of course. From head to toe, she painted all white with a tub of body paint before slipping on her purple and black diamond bodysuit. Her face was painted with purple diamonds on her eyes, a purple nose, red lips and red circles on her cheeks.

Vickie changed into her Ms. Mime costume. She wore a black and white striped tight top. Next, she put on a black skirt, followed by knee high black and white striped socks well accompanied by black heels. Her face was painted white with red lips, black eyeshadow, curled eyelashes, and black tears.

Helena and Dinah had similar body suits though they were obviously cast opposite of each other, Helena playing the sad clown and Dinah the happy one.

Helena now wore a dark blue and black bodysuit with black gloves and heels. Her face was painted white with dark blue eyeshadow with matching lips as well as a dark blue painted nose. On her cheeks were blue crescent moons. She had a dark blue two pronged jester cap on the top of her head, her hair tied into a ponytail with a dark blue ribbon wrapped close to its bottom tresses..

Meanwhile, Dinah had a yellow and white bodysuit with white gloves and heels. Everything was the same as Helena's costume though sunny yellow was Dinah’s color scheme rather than dark blue.

Duella smiled as she saw the women finish up their costumes. “Perfect, ladies, perfect, and I think we’ll still make record time. Let’s go.”

Finally, they all headed off to meet Joker and Harley at the big top to see what their performance is for the night.

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